

A
VINDICATION
OF
PROVIDENCE:
OR, A
TRUE ESTIMATE
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

IN WHICH THE

Passions are consider'd in a New Light.

Preach'd in St. George's Church near *Hanover-Square*, soon after the late *King's* Death.

THE FOURTH EDITION Corrected.

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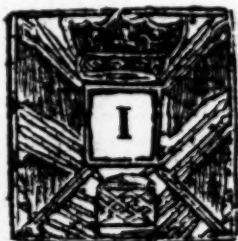


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TO THE
QUEEN.

M A D A M,



F the following Discourse is as Happy in its Execution, as it is Important in its Design, it will not be, (give me leave to say,) altogether unworthy of a Royal Patronage.

The Design is of great Consequence ; and, I think, New : It is to remove a prevailing, and inveterate Mistake, which first sprang, and now thrives in a Soil too indulgent to it, and a Soil too difficultly subdu'd, the Pride and Ill-Nature, and Melancholy, and Vice of Mankind. I mean, M A D A M, That false Opinion, that Reflection on Providence,

DEDICATION.

“ That this World is, in its own Nature, That
“ is, by God’s Appointment, a World of
“ Sorrow, a Scene of Misery, a Vale of Tears;
“ and that to be in it, is to be wretched un-
“ voidably.” Whereas this Treatise shall en-
deavour to make it manifest, That Providence
is not only Gracious in the Composition, Stu-
dious of the Accommodation, Preventive of
the Accidents, Corrective of the Mistakes,
and Liberal of the Wants, but Lavish, also,
to the Luxuries of Man; and that God does
not only permit, but enable us, and not only
enable, but enjoin us, to be Happy; Happy,
to a much greater Degree than we are, That is,
than we chuse to be.

Nor is that Error I combat, an Error of the
Vulgar, Unlearned, or Sinful only; But the
Learned, Wise, and Good, have fatally con-
tributed their sacred Authority towards the Pro-
pagation, and Establishment of it: Either
through Inadvertency, or the Resentment of
present Pain, or an indiscreet, tho’ well intend-
ed Zeal, in the Recommendation of a Better
World.

Most of them have, as it were casually, let
fall from their Pens, which pursu’d some other
Principal Point, too severe, and unguarded In-
timations to the Discredit of our present State:
Many have made an Invective on this Life,
a general Drift that mingled it self in all their
Discourses, and Conversations: And some
have

DEDICATION.

have made it their particular Theme, and avowedly, determinately, and strictly drove at this very Point; without adjoining the true Causes, the proper Cures, the right Uses, and salutary Effects of our Misfortunes and Pains; and thus have left Grounds, of future Argument against the Goodness, and thrown a present Cloud over the Glory of the Great Disposer of Events, the King of Time, and of Eternity.

Let, M A D A M, one of his most shining Representatives on Earth, patronize and vindicate a Vindication of his Providence; let one of the principal Ornaments of human Life indulge *A true Estimate* of it; let her graciously defend a Refutation of an Error, which flows from a Decay of that Faith, of which our dread Sovereign is the great Defender; and, which leads to a Corruption of that Morality, of which her own correct Conduct is the distinguish'd Glory. Let that Queen who is nearly concern'd in the sad Occasion that turn'd my Thought on this Subject, take it into her Protection; her Protection will recommend it to the World, and her Example will supply the Defects of this Composition on it.

And, M A D A M, as your Example will assist me, so that good Providence, whose Ways I presume to assert, grant, that your Fortune may too! That your most sacred Majesty, from this joyful and unclouded Morning of your

DEDICATION.

Reign, may shine forth a long and illustrious Day, as an unanswerable Instance of temporal Happiness, and an unquestionable Heir of Eternal, is the constant and fervent Prayer of,

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's most obedient,

And most dutiful Subject,



E. YOUNG.



The PREFACE.

I Know not well why, but the Passions are a Favourite Subject with Mankind: The Reason may possibly be, Because Men are much concern'd with them, both as to themselves, and others; and where we have a Self-concern, we have an Attention. Or, because they are such powerful, and universal Springs, that almost all the Pleasures, Pains, Designs, and Actions of Life are owing to them; and therefore it is our Interest to know them well: Or, because every Man carrying them in his own Breast, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able Judge of such Compositions; and thus his Pride has a Fondness for them: Or, because the Passions, like the Boy at the Fountain, fall in love with their own Representations: Or, because many are all Passion, and if Men consider a Treatise on the Passions, as a History of themselves, it is no wonder they read it with Pleasure. Or, because what a most celebrated Antient writ on this Subject is lost, to the great Regret of the learned, and polite World, which is studious of some Reparation of that Loss; and the more so, because what other Antients have left on that Head, is imperfect, and short.

Being sensible how difficult it is to gain Attention for Works of Divinity, I have insisted more on the Passions, than any other Head of the following Discourse; in Hopes of a more welcome Reception prepar'd for it, by that general Taste, or Disposition of Heart, which I have mentioned. I have mark'd the Distinctions, and Peculiarities of the Passions, with some Care.

A French Author, has treated of them with such Accuracy, and Applause, that it conciliated to him the particular Favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the Death of the Author of that Piece, though she had never seen the Man.

The PREFACE.

But he had a wrong Byass on him through the Whole to the Prejudice of it; nor could I reap any Advantage from him beside that of having such an Example of Industry, and Discernment; of which, what Use I have made I do not hope, but fear, the Reader will too easily perceive. That Author indeed displays the Passions at large, and pursues them into all their several Branches, whereas I could find Room for the Primary, or Radical Passions only, at present; but they may, one Day, shoot under Her Majesty's benign Influence, (who like the Queen above-mentioned, is the greatest Encourager of Arts) and give that one Tree of human Knowledge its entire Growth.

But as imperfect as the Discourse now is, (of which I am very sensible) I persuade myself the Reader will find an uncommon Variety in it; and that the Observations, which are by no Means drawn from Books, but the Life, are so far just, that any one who is at the Pains of looking on them, may possibly find Truths which his own Experience can attest, and thus be a Witness, as well as a Judge, of what is here written: He may find some Traces, some Features of his own Condition, as the Trojan met his own Picture on a foreign Shore. I wish, (a rare Wish in a Writer) that I could be refuted in what is here advanc'd, for some of the Truths are very melancholy. I hope the great Length will be excused, since the Nature of the Subject might easily have betray'd me into a much greater Transgression against the common Limits of this kind of Writing.

If this Piece in any tolerable Degree answers its Title, a Perusal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the Desiderata in Literature, and that of the nearest, and most general Concern to Man.



COLOSS.



COLOSS. iii. 2.

Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.



WE by no Means question, but that the Birth, and Life, and Death, and Resurrection of our Lord, were Acts of infinite Merit; Merit sufficient to satisfy God's Justice, and bring Sinners to the Terms of Reconciliation, and Salvation: But we must not imagine that they wrought any Change, or Confusion in the Nature of Things. God is as pure as ever, and Iniquity is as much his Aversion: Tho' he can be reconciled to Sinners, he cannot be reconciled to Sin; and tho' the Sinner may be saved, he cannot be saved unless he, first, be changed; for Heaven has no more Admittance for Corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable Holiness of God requires, that notwithstanding all our Lord has done to save us, we should still work out our own Salvation, by a Conformity to his Example, as well as a Dependence on his Merit; nor, most impiously, make his Merit an Encouragement of Sin.

For this Reason, the Christian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to rise again, in a Moral Sense; for in the
Natu-

2 *A true Estimate of Human Life.*

Natural, all these Acts are Acts of Necessity. These Expressions import so many several Stages in the Christian Course.

By Nature we are born of Flesh and Blood, which gives us a Constitution fond of what is present, and careless of what is future: And therefore to secure the future, we are told, that the Spirit of God is a new Principle of Life, which, when received into the Soul, will impress on it new Thoughts, new Aims, and new Desires; and to receive this Principle, and these Impressions, is the Christian Birth.

By Nature we live a Life of Sense and Self-will, which is destructive of our eternal Interest; and therefore we are enjoined to take the Will of Christ for our Rule, and his Practice for our Example; and this is the Christian Life.

By Nature we die thro' a Separation of Soul and Body; but this Separation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to dieto Sin; and this is the Christian Death.

By Nature (or by God's Appointment in Nature) we are to rise again whether we will, or no; but nothing that is of pure force can produce an Effect to any one's spiritual Advantage; and therefore are we to rise by Choice, that is, by setting our Affections on Things above; and this is the Christian State, and that which the Text particularly calls for.

I shall begin with explaining the Words. The first Word in the original Text contains the whole Act of our Duty. We translate it, set your Affections, but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing without judging of its Worth; or can we judge of the Worth of any Thing, without taking it into our Thoughts; and the Word signifies each of these Acts, to * think, to † judge, and to || love.

* Rom. 12.

† Rom. 12. || In the Text.

Thus



Thus the whole Signification of the Word not only teaches us the whole Act of our Duty, but likewise the Method necessary for the Practice of it; think, judge, and then love.

The next Words are Things above; Shewing the Object of our Duty. Now things above, in the Stile of Scripture, signifie the Things of Grace, and the Things of Glory. The Things of Grace, are Holiness, Justice, Temperance, Charity, and all other Christian Vertues. Prov. xv. 24. *The Way of Life is above to the Wise, that he may depart from Hell beneath*; that is, every wise Man will be religious; for this is the Way above, that upper, exalted Way that leads to Life; But Sin is the low and ignominious Way, so low, that there is nothing beneath it but Hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, by Things above, are meant the Things of Glory; as the beatifick Vision of God, the Presence of Christ, the Conversation of Angels, the Fellowship of Saints; Bodies glorified, Souls ennobled, Faculties enlarged, and entertained with transporting Objects, and replenished with unmixed Joys! all these Things are meant by Things above: And one would imagine that an Injunction could not be ungrateful, to set our Affections on Things like these.

And yet it is ungrateful to most of us; and that for this Reason, because there are Things on the Earth too, Things contrary in their Nature, and inconsistent in their Choice, with the Things now mentioned: Pleasant Things, and such whose Pleasures are present, and palpable, and always at hand: Pleasures of Appetite and Sense, those winning Masters, under whose Dominion we spend the first of our Years for want of Reason, and (too often) the rest, in spite of it: Pleasures, that thro' their Number, and Opportunity, and Prepossession, and Custom, get such a fatal Ascendant, that unless we are always on our Guard against them, our Love of things above will either never spring, or (what is all one) never come to Maturity. And this is
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the Reason of that Caution superadded in the last Words of the Text, *not on Things on the Earth.*

Having thus explained the Words, I proceed to shew the particular Method of practising the Duty contained in them; which consists (as I have already intimated) in those three Acts; First, Thinking of; Secondly, Judging; Thirdly, Loving the Things above.

To think of them is the beginning of our Duty. Nothing can act on the Soul but by the Mediation of Thought; that which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not: And therefore it is not so much the Beauty, or Excellency, or Gratefulness, or Fitness of an Object, as Thought that makes us love. The Object brings in the Matter, but Thought gives the Form to the Passion; and if we think not of a Thing, it is impossible we should love it, be it never so lovely.

If therefore we would work our selves to a proper Zeal for Things above, it is necessary that we should allow our selves stated Seasons of thinking on them: We must call them into our Mind, and make them the Matter of our serious Contemplation, and then the most desirable Things will certainly move in us a suitable Desire.

Nor is it strange that Thought should be necessary to give us an Affection for Things Spiritual and remote, when it is necessary to give us a Perception of Things sensible, and at Hand. The Eye may be open on an Object which it does not see; and the Ear struck with Sounds which it does not hear, if Thought is intensely engag'd another Way. But small Attention, indeed, is necessary to give Things sensible, and present their full Force on us. And this is the Reason of that Advantage; which earthly Things have on our Choice, above heavenly: They are immediate; their Presence is their Power. But religious Thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal Advantage; which is a strong Argument for the Practice of this Duty: Thought can make absent things present, take
away

away the Distance between Earth and Heaven, and make an eternal Good, though future, a better Entertainment, and fuller Satisfaction to the Mind, than all the Pleasures of Sin, tho' at Hand.

I confess, indeed, since Heaven forces it self on our Thoughts, from a thousand Occasions, whether we will or no; that many think of Heaven, and yet do not desire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every Man desires it in proportion to his Thinking: For no Man but wishes for Heaven, while Heaven is on his Mind; and if every transient Glance of Thought can procure a Wish, it is a good Argument, that a fixed and frequent Contemplation would produce no less than an effectual Will. If therefore we affect not Heaven enough, it is because we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one strange Consideration which offers it self on this Subject: Since our common Notion of Things above represents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it possible that they should not ever engage our Thoughts? how is it possible, that Mankind which abhors nothing so much as Pain, should not be for ever meditating on that Place, which we confess to be the Seat of perfect Exemption from it? how is it possible, that Mankind which toils out a weary Life in eager Pursuits of every Appearance of Good, should forget that which we confess the Supream? for 'tis too manifest, that as the Thoughts of Heaven, and heavenly Things enter most rarely into our Minds, so they hang the most loosely there, and are soonest dislodged from their slender hold on us. Every new Object, tho' never so trifling, foreign, or absurd, is sufficient to divert us from the Importance of them.

The Holy Scripture is frequent in asserting, that the Devil is actually and perpetually conversant among us. His End and Business being to seduce, deceive, and destroy. Nor can there be a greater human Demonstration of this Truth, than this Instance of our Thoughts, with regard to the Contemplation of eternal Happiness; wherein their
Slack-

Slackness, Avocations, Startings, Wanderings, and Interruptions, are so unaccountable, so contrary to their Nature and Manner of Attention, when applied to worldly Objects, that they cannot seem to receive their Conduct from any Principle, either Voluntary, or Mechanical, that is purely within our selves, but from the extrinsick Influence, and Injection of that evil Spirit. And accordingly we find him charged, *Mat. xiii. 19.* with this very Fact of snatching away good Thoughts from the Heart of Man.

And, indeed, if Men but grant that there is such a Power, and that he can tempt us, (which, if we deny, we must cease to be Christians,) the other follows of it self: For the Region of the Soul, in which the Devil forges his Wiles to deceive us, is the Imagination; and his Manner of working is by forming Images, or exciting Motions there, which become the immediate Matter of our Thought; and his Time of working is then particularly, when he perceives our Minds are religiously disposed; for then he is most afraid of losing his Hold on us. And thence comes to pass (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the Seasons of Devotion a Languor, and Inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before, nor after: For then especially, he attempts our Imagination, and throngs it with foreign Matter. As therefore my Text requires the setting our Thoughts on Things above, in order to create such a Relish, and kindle such a Desire as is due to them; so in order to setting our Thoughts on them, it is necessary to superadd this Rule; that in the Seasons assigned for such Contemplation, we would always guard our Thoughts with that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, Deliver us from Evil, that Evil-one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us to snatch away good Thoughts from our Hearts.

But a Persuasive to serious Contemplation (and nothing less than serious Contemplation is sufficient) must seem strange to so gay an Age, which has distinguished it self by nothing more, than by carrying Diversions to their greatest, and most expensive Height; Diversions, which
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are the Reverse of serious Thought : An Age, which particularly may be said with *Sempronia*, * *Pfallere, & saltare elegantius quam necesse est Proba.* *Pecuniæ, an Famæ minus parceret haud facile discerneres.* I cannot theretore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of some Effect on all that hear it attentively.

“ Ah, my Friends ! while we Laugh, all things are serious round about us : God is serious, who exerciseth Patience toward us ; Christ is serious, who shed his Blood for us ; the Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the Obstinacy of our Hearts ; the Holy Scriptures bring to our Ears the most serious things in the World ; the Holy Sacraments represent the most serious, and awful Matters ; the whole Creation is serious in serving God, and us ; all that are in Heaven or Hell, are serious ; how, then can we be gay ? ” To give these excellent Words their full force, it shall be known, that they came not from the Priesthood, but the Court ; and from a Courtier as eminent as *England* ever boasted.

I shall now proceed to my second Head, Judging of the Things above ; which is the second Act of our Duty. As judging of them without thinking, which some do, (or our Conversations and Presses would not be so guilty as they are,) is preposterous ; so thinking of them without judging, is incompetent, and short. We must therefore judge likewise of the Things above ; that is, we must think of them comparatively, weigh them against all other Things, that may possibly stand in competition with them ; and so on a rational, and mature Deliberation, give them that Preference which they so well deserve.

Now this second Act of the Soul is necessary for the fixing our Affections, for this Reason ; because the simple Act of Thinking, indifferently raises our Love to every Thing that is pleasurable ; but when Judgment comes to examine,

* *Salust.*

and discern between those pleasurable Things, it will find that some of them must be foregone, and rejected of Necessity, because they are inconsistent with, and destructive of each other. And this in a particular Manner, is the Case between Things above, and Things upon the Earth; both of them offer Pleasures, and such Pleasures as must necessarily engage our Affections, on our first Contemplation of them: But those two Kinds of Pleasures are inconsistent; so contrary to each other, both in their Nature, and their Means, that it is impossible for one Soul to pursue both; such therefore, as entertain a distracted Inclination for both of them, are called in Scripture, Men of two Souls.

Since, then, it is necessary to chuse one, in order to enjoy either, let our Judgment examine these two Competitors for our Affections, Things above, and Things upon the Earth, and see which of them is most likely to bring in the fullest Satisfaction to our Souls.

First, let us put this World in the Ballance; and to avoid Confusion in so wide a Subject, let us separately consider the different Orders, Ages, Aims, Relations, Constitutions, Tempers, and Passions of Men; and see this Variety united in uneasiness and Complaint.

First, as to their Orders. The Peasant complains aloud; the Courtier in Secret repines: In Want, what Distress? In Affluence, what Satiety? The great are under as much Difficulty to expend with Pleasure, as the Mean to labour with Success. In Retirement, what Oscitancy, what Heaviness? In the World, what Conflict, what Fatigue? The Ignorant, thro' ill-grounded Hope, are disappointed; the Knowing, thro' Knowledge, despond. Ignorance occasions Mistake; Mistake Disappointment, and Disappointment is Misery: Knowledge, on the other Hand, gives true Judgment, and true Judgment of things below, gives a Demonstration of their Insufficiency to our Peace. Good Fortune makes the Will undisciplined and dissolute, the Imagination vain, the Passions strong, and the Understanding weak:

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A miserable State! Affliction is the best School of Wisdom; no Volumes are an Equivalent for the Necessity of Reflection that lays us under; but then it must be confessed we pay dear for its Instruction: And since the End of Wisdom is to lead us to Pleasure, what signifies that Wisdom which is accompanied with Pain?

The Marriage State only may be the most happy; but is the most dangerous; as fruitful of Calamities, as it is of Relations; whose Capacity of being our greatest Pleasures, is likewise their Capacity of being our greatest Pains. And if we consult Experience more than Reason in this Point, we have Grounds to fear the worst. Nor is Reason entirely on the other Side; for if there are more Vices, - than Virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate Accidents in Life, the Balance in this State, will probably turn against us: The Good in it we look on as as our Due, and therefore receive it coldy, and without a proper Emotion of Heart; the Bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the Resentment of it: The Shaft is sharp; the Surprise dips it in Poison, and doubles our Anguish. Both Parties look on all that the other can do for them as an absolute Debt: This Notion leaves both a much less Power to oblige, than to disgust; and consequently makes Disquiets almost unavoidable.

The State of Celibacy, unless it can work out an artificial Happiness for the Absence of Evils, which requires a peculiar Strength of Mind, is a desert, melancholy, and disconsolate State: At the Maturity of Life, tender Affections awake in the Heart, which demand their proper Objects, and pine for the want of them. In this State of Celibacy, they must either be extinguish'd, or continued without Gratification: The first is a great Violence to Nature; the Second, her lasting Pain; and a Pain of that Kind, which furnished the *Platonists* with their principal Idea of Hell. Our Paternal Affections must be drawn off, like a Mother's Milk, or they will corrupt, and turn to Disease.

Husband, and Father, are the Titles of Honour which Nature dispenses, and endows them with greater Pleasure, than any Titles which Fortune can confer. They that resist the Impulses of Nature, are resisted by her, in their new Schemes of Enjoyment; and Nature is a powerful Adversary. He that has Children multiplies himself, and gives Happiness many Channels by which to flow in upon him: Letting the Heart stream out in Tenderness on its proper Objects, as it is the greatest Duty, so it is the greatest Blessing of Life: To have no one, to whom we heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable State. It may be said, that Wisdom will provide us with such Objects, in every Condition: It may; but it would cost us less Pains, if we suffered Nature to ease her of that Trouble.

Persons of Birth, Riches, Power, and Talents, those shining, and envied Characters, have all their peculiar Evils, the Growth of their respective States.

First, Persons of Birth: These have their Eye on their Ancestors; and would have their Glory subsist on the Merit of the Dead. This the World will not agree to, but thinks that an Argument for Attainments of their own, which the Great by Birth look on as their Exemption from the Labour of them: Thus are they pain'd, where they expect Homage, to find Reproach. They condemn those of mean Extraction; and by that Contempt, as it were, exact their Hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad Consequences of it. Ardently they desire Honours, because it is natural to Men to desire an Accumulation of that Good, of which already they enjoy a Share: Hence a Disappointment in this Pursuit, is more stinging to them, than others. Who is truly more noble for his high Birth? He that despises it: He that despises it as a Possession, but values it as an Incitement to Virtue. Their Appellations are their Instructors, they are stiled Noble, on a Presumption that they retain the Virtue; their Blood is stiled Generous,

rous, on a Presumption that they retain the high Nature of their Ancestors. Their Riches are not sufficient.

Secondly, Men of Riches : These Men, which is natural, are so high in their Opinion of what they largely possess, that they think to have Riches, is to have every Thing; that, they think them the Price for, and Title to all the World can give, or Man enjoy. Hence high Expectations, and high Resentments, and every Evil is aggrandized by These. Every wrong Accident is a Calamity, and not only a Calamity, but an Injury too; for have not they a Title to better Things? Others, when they are sick, are sorry; but these are angry also, and look on a Gout, or a Fever, as an Object of Resentment; which is still the stranger, because, for the most Part, they invite them to their Habitations.

Thirdly, Men of Power : They that have it in their Power to make the Fortune, and Reputation of others, may have, and often have as many Enemies, as those whose Fortune, and Reputation they do not make. For Men are so fond of themselves, as to think that all others can do, they should do for them. This is unjust, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the Uneasy, instead of venting their Passion by striking the Air, as it is natural for the Peevish in their Gusts of Rage to do, vent it often on Men in Power, by shooting their Arrows at them, even bitter Words; because Men are apt to think they contract an Importance, from the Importance of those they injure. Whereas 'tis rare that Men in Power give just Offence to such as these : If they injure, they stoop not to these; they level at the Great, for that gives their Dignity the highest Satisfaction. The Great often justly are, the Mean often unjustly will be their Enemies. Where then are their Friends? They must be few; and those few are more likely to be secret Enemies to them, than to any others with whom they pass for Friends. Because, First, Men of Power create the greatest Envy, which is our strongest Passion: Secondly, their Ruin would afford the largest Plunder, and our own Emolument is our chiefest Aim.

Fourthly, Men of Talents: If they do exert them, it will cost them much Pains, and they may probably fail of Success, through Malice of Accident, or Indiscretion of Choice. Or if they succeed in their Labour, their Labour may not succeed in its Reputation; or if it does, it is only setting themselves a hard Task for the future; for it is double Shame to fall beneath themselves. Fame is generally these Mens Aim; and to fail of our Aim, be it never so idle, is Infelicity. An Author at his Lamp tells himself in Triumph, now the Toil is almost over, the Purchase at hand, he's within a Month of Immortality. But on *Publication* he finds the Payment deferred; deferr'd to the Day of his Death; too late a Payment of that which he cannot transfer to his Heir. There is no stronger Infatuation than this Desire of chimerical Immortality. It is very strange; but the Secret of it is this: God implanted in the Soul a violent Desire of Approbation, in order to stimulate Men into an Attainment of his own Approbation, which is the most valuable; as he implanted in the Soul strong Hope, and Fear, and Love, that he himself might be the Object of them, as my Text directs: But as these Affections when they stop short on Temporals, become Pains; so this violent Desire of Approbation, when it stops short at Men, becomes, tho' most admirably wise in God's Design, that ridiculous, and seemingly unaccountable Folly of which I speak: And the wisest of Men, not attending to this, have sometimes started in Surprise and Shame, on discovering that some of their noblest Designs had their Rise, and Termination in that most despicable Point, the Opinion of Men. Thus you see that the Thirst of Approbation, when misapply'd becomes a Folly, and incurs Shame, which it would most avoid. And this is the State of the greatest Gifts that Omnipotence can bestow, when turned on improper Ends. This, therefore, which might seem digressive, is not so; it tends to demonstrate the Miseries of this Life, since hence it appears, that we have Reason to stand in Dread of the very Excellencies of our Nature, as well as the Imperfections of it.

Secondly,

Secondly, Consider the different Ages: Young Men desire passionately, and therefore are afflictively disappointed. They desire chiefly Gratifications of *Sense*, and therefore soon impair their Appetites for them, and anticipate old Age by Infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their Inclinations, and therefore as some Things by Nature cannot, others, through their own Temper, shall not please them long.

They are fastidious in their Pleasures, as thinking the most delicate and exalted, the Prerogative of their Time of Life: Thus they reject many, and impair the rest.

They are prone to Anger, because unsubdued by Fortune, and unapprized by Wisdom of what they ought to expect: Hence are they displeased with others without Cause, and then with themselves, for being so; for generally their Sense of being in the Wrong is as quick, as their Propensity to it, is strong.

They have not a sufficient Regard for Things of Utility, (because they never wanted,) and find the bad Effects of it; what Pride can better taste, pleases them more: Hence they are very tender of their Honour, before they have gained any; and thus are they pain'd, not only about Things that are, but Things also, that are not.

They are credulous because unexperienced; deceived, because credulous; and outrageous, because deceived: And hence, from too fond an Opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a Dislike for Mankind; as fruitful a Source of Evil, as their first Mistake.

The young Man's Field of Reflection is small, for little is past; his Field of Hope large, for much is to come; which falling in with Vivacity of Spirits, and Vanity of Heart, he indulges it to the Exclusion of necessary Fear, which is the Shield of Life; and hence is he perpetually

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wounded in his Peace, Fortune, Reputation, or Health, or All.

He delights in Extreams, whereas Virtue is in the Mean, and Happiness dwells with her. He is a Squanderer of Wealth, as well as of Health, Peace, and Reputation; and by the Guilt of Youth, lays up Poverty for Age; of which I am now to speak.

Age is infested with Suspicion, Excess of Caution, Disaffection, Pusillanimity, Illiberality, Querulousness, Immodesty, Garrulity, Want of Compassion, solid Hatred, Moroseness, inordinate Self-Love, extream Covetousness, and Distempers.

An old Man is suspicious, because incredulous; and incredulous, because experienced. For the Knowledge, and Distrust of Mankind are inseparable. Now he that lives in perpetual Suspicion, lives the Life of a Centinel, of a Centinel never relieved; whose Business it is to look out for, and expect an Enemy, which is an Evil not very far short of perishing by him.

Allied to Suspicion is Excess of Caution: Wisdom, Coldness of Temperature, and sometimes Ill-nature, are mixed in this. I shall chuse one Instance that includes them all: In Points of Speculation he rarely affirms, or denies any Thing positively, though he is best able to do it: He knows nothing, but is of such an Opinion on most Occasions; by which, one Thing he means, is, to call younger Men Fools, (who delight in a more sanguine Stile) and thus, artfully, to gratify his Disaffection to them.

He is all Disaffection: I speak in general. He loves no body, because formerly, very probably, his good Inclinations have been abused; besides, the Affections as naturally contract in the Evening of Life, as Flowers at the Departure of the Sun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none; nor is lov'd, or enjoyed by any.

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He is Pusillanimous, from Decay of Spirits, and the Blows of Fortune. Now Pusillanimity is the want of Hope, and Hope is the Cordial of Life.

He is Querulous, which is the Voice of Pusillanimity; and an infallible Source of Contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how easy to lose; as likewise, from a growing Passion for the Security of to-morrow; whereas to day is the Mistress of Youth. Now Illiberality is the Source of Hatred, as Generosity is of Love.

He is Immodest, I mean hardened to the Eye, and unaffected with the Opinion of others, because he disesteems them; and disesteems them, because he knows them; and Praise, and Dispraise we disesteem, when we disesteem those from whom they come. Now this Immodesty is a Source both of Hatred, and Contempt. Besides, Virtue is always enfeebled by a Neglect of Praise, which is a Food of it.

He is Talkative, because his largest Scene lies backward; and his Talk on the past, is always a Censure on the present: Now he that censures, is displeased. Besides this Talkativeness is disgusting on two Accounts: First, as he is generally his own Theme; Secondly, as it runs counter to the Fire, and Activity of younger Men, to whom he speaks.

His Compassion is slight, from his Familiarity with Misfortunes; and his Hatred is solid, more apt to vent it self in Deeds than Words, from the Maturity of his Wisdom, which loves Things effectual, and to the Purpose. His former Qualities put him in a State of War with Mankind: This, in a State of War that gives no Quarter.

He is Morose, and an inordinate Lover of himself. The First, because he envies Pleasures which he can't partake.

There is no such Thing, at least, in our Climate, as a gay old Man ; A Fly in *Winter* is for Nations nearer the Sun. He is the Second, because Men rise in Fondness for Things, in proportion to their Hazard of losing them ; and his Life is on the Departure. Hence absurdly his Passion for it increases, as its Value fails. Now from all that has been said.

His extream Covetousness is accounted for. Money has two excellent Qualities for him : First, it will do that for him, which no one will, willingly, do : It will keep him Company, as it always does ; it will flatter him ; it will go on his Errands ; it will procure him Smiles, and Bows, and all the Outside of Affection, and Respect. Secondly, as it is a Thing inanimate, it can give no Offence. But not to aggravate this Matter, (which it little needs !) granting, that as Youth is the Reign of vehement Desire, and vehement Desire, is a Disease, a Fever, a Pain ; so Age, indeed, brings on a Serenity ; Experience makes us able Pilots in the Waves of Fortune, and Vigour impair'd no longer scorches us with the Violence of Desire ; Granting, that the Mind gains that Strength which the Body loses, and intellectual Pleasures are then in their full Force ; yet so, it must be confess'd, are

Distempers too ; and what Comfort is there in an Hospital, or a Storm ? In Youth what Disappointments of our own making : In Age what Disappointments from the Nature of Things ? It is long before we arrive at a right Conduct, and by that at a true Relish, and good Husbandry of Life ; and when we are arrived at it, as much as Wisdom gives, Time withdraws, Objects begin to flatten, and Appetites to fail. Human Life has then its Morning and Evening ; but the Evening and Morning are one Day ; a Day of Sorrows ! different indeed in Sort, but in Essence the same. And this is the Reason why Men always unhappy, are always expecting Happiness. For had we no Change of Scenes to experience one after another, we should sooner be convinced of the Vanity of our Expectations : Whereas we, now, are amused with Hope, which, for Pleasure, gives

as Change of Pain; we are wretched, and deceived, which increaseth our Wretchedness; for every Sorrow receives a new Sting, from our Expectation of the contrary.

Thirdly, Consider our Aims: If we let loose our Wishes at Things above our Desert, how rarely we succeed? Or if we succeed, how are we pain'd with the Fears of exposing our Insufficiency? How shall we make good the Promise our Fortune has made to the World? We must live in perpetual Constraint: be for ever sweating under a Mask of Form and Artifice, which, in spite of all our Care, the Wise will see through; and, at their Mercy we lie, for the precarious Character we preserve. And how ridiculous a Sight it is, to see a Man embarrass'd by good Fortune, and struggling with his own Success? To take up more Money than our Estate can answer, in Time, is certain Ruin: To take up more Reputation than our Merit can answer, in Time, is as certain Shame.

If our Fortune, on the other hand, falls below our Desert, how careless are we of exerting those Capacities we are really Masters of, and of levying that Advantage and Reputation which is due to them? Our Preterment is our Punishment; and the Consciousness of our Worth is at once our Pride, and our Affliction; how unpromising a Scene is that for Happiness, where our Merit increaseth the Number of our Pains?

If our Aims are proportion'd to our Desert, we may indeed succeed; but our Success will soon grow insipid, nay, painful, when we see (as soon we shall!) our Interiors in Merit get the Start of us in Place and Fortune; when we find our Wisdom and Modesty less advantageous, than the Rashness and Confidence of other Men.

If we stand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a solitary and uncomfortable Dominion; unrefresh'd with Hope, which is the Life of Life itself. If we have our Attachments, and lean against our Superiors, it is often a shining Servitude, a promising Anxiety, that excites indeed

deed our Spirits, but torments them too, during the Sufferance; and as often deceives, as satisfies, in the End. Which has most Happiness? a servile Hope, or a hopeless Independency? He that has many Hopes, has many Possibilities of Disappointment; he that has few, has few Occasions of Joy.

If we converse with our Inferiors, or Equals only, we sacrifice the Advancement of our Fortune, to present Ease and Complacency; if with our Superiors, we in some Measure sacrifice our Ease and Complacency, to our Fortune; our Caution must be always awake, our Abilities always on the Stretch; and Conversation, which was designed to recreate, must become a Discipline, and an Enterprize.

Moreover, it is Expectation from Superiors that is apt to give a painful, and unreasonable Awe of them; an Awe due rather to God, than Man. It is that which annoys our Breasts with pusillanimous Doubts and Fears; that makes the little Heart play its Servile Passions in all their Force, at a Smile, or a Frown; which he that does not expect, is free from himself, and in others, most justly contemns. The most despicable Weakness any one Man can be guilty of, is an undue Fear of another, which Expectation is apt to subject him to.

Obscurity has its obvious Disadvantages; and a great Name is the Mark of Envy and Reproach: Or if Reproach spare it, it must be nurtur'd, or lost. Time itself will work Decay in Glory as in other Things; unless it be kept in Repair at the Expence of returning Pains, and a Succession of Deserts: And if preserved, it has its moral Evils; Fame from Letters, makes a Man unsociable, and overbearing; Fame from political Wisdom, designing; and Fame from Arms, incorrect of Life. It has likewise its natural Evils. For since Fame is the general Mistress of Mankind, he that enjoys it has almost as many Rivals as Men, and often as many Foes as Rivals.

One Man aims at making his Happiness by Philosophy, another by Fortune. The First is stemming the Stream of the World, and his own Nature, with endless Labour; the Second is carried away by that Stream, with endless Hazard, and every Wave is Master of his Peace.

One follows Fancy, and by that Time the Thing fancied is attained, his Fancy for it is fled. Another follows Custom, and is fashionably pleased in Contradiction to his own Heart. Seeming to be happy, is his Happiness; now seeming Happiness implies the Want of it. A third follows Reason; and Reason puts us out of Humour with almost every Thing about us.

If Men have no Pursuits they are a Burthen to themselves; if they have, Disappointments are a greater. What Disappointments interrupt the most successful Prosecutions? And what is worse, Possession is the greatest Disappointment of all; it destroys the very Phantom of Happiness, our pleasing Error, our sweet Flatterer, Hope, which before we enjoyed. The Man of Success, and of the highest Advancement, first indeed laughs at others; but soon he revenges them, by laughing at himself. He wonders how he could be so passionately fond of what so little deserved his Fondness: He is grieved, he is surprized, he is angry, that the Absence of those Things was able to give him so much Pain, the Presence of which can afford so little Enjoyment. But he usually keeps the Secret, in poor Hopes of that Enjoyment from the mistaken Envy of others, which the Things envied cannot give him; and takes a malicious Pleasure in seeing his unwarned Followers deceived, as well as himself. There is ever a certain Languor attending the Fulness of Prosperity: When the Heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its Possession; and the Energy of the Soul goes out, like the Flame that has no more to devour; or, like a Storm, loses its Force for want of Opposition. Who is so wretched as the Man that is overwhelm'd with a Multitude of Affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting Superiority

riority of Fortune should give some Superiority of Happiness, let it be remarked, that he who increases the Endearments of Life, increases, at the same Time, the Terrors of Death. Which leads me to

The *Fourth* Consideration, that of our Relations in Life: A Wife, a Child, dear to us as our own Bosoms in which they lie, what Cowards do they make us? What are their Endearments, their Softness, their Charms, but new Terrors in the Frown, and new Shafts in the Quiver of Misfortune and Death! There is something truly formidable in having such tender Blessings as these; and every wise and feeling Heart, while it is transported at the Thoughts of them, must tremble too.

But all Relations are not pain'd through Tendernefs of Affection. While the Father is solicitous for the Welfare of his Son, how solicitous and impatient is the Son (very often) for the Death of that very Father? What are Alliances of Blood, but Titles for Expectation? And what are Titles for Expectation, but Exposures to Disappointment, and Aggravations of its Smart? All that seeming Family-endearment, Comfort and Complacency, which we figure to our selves at a Distance, what is it, (too often!) but mutual Attacks on the Peace, Plots on the Riches, Hopes from the Sicknefs, and Joy from the Deaths of each other?

The Servant envies his Master, and sometimes the Master his Servant, and perhaps with more Justice; but justly, neither. For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the World from one Sin, there would be no such Thing as Envy upon Earth; Envy, which is a double Folly; Folly, as it is a Sin, and Folly as it is a Mistake; for it results from the Supposition of that which is not, the superior Happiness of others; which is not, I mean, in that Degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

Fifthly, As to Constitutions and Tempers: In Health, what Temptation? In Sicknefs, what Pain? The Misery of

of many is wrap'd up in their very Veins, how then shall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchase Distempers? Earthquake, Storm, War, sweep not halt so many, as Diseases which we, knowingly, contract by Carelessness and Excess. Women, as they are less subject to Pains of Mind, are more subject to Pains of the Body than Men, to ballance that Account.

He that is infirm, dies daily, and loses all the Pleasure of Life: He that knows no Infirmities, observes not the Lapse of Time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for Death: But suppose a Man has Health, and Wisdom too, how many find in their Tempers an Enemy to Peace?

The Tempers are, as I take it, lesser Passions, or, various fainter Shades, or Blendings of those strong Colours on the Soul of Man. The gloomy, peevish, sanguine, phlegmatick, good-natur'd, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, suspicious, refining, reserved, affable, fearless, timid, modest, proud, delicate, and insensible Temper, have all their peculiar Evils.

A gloomy Temper surveys every Thing in the worst Light, and can discover no Blessings.

A peevish Temper quarrels with the Blessings it discovers, with its Friends, itself; and defeats the Labour of Providence for its Satisfaction.

The sanguine overshoots; the phlegmatick desponds; the mild tempts Insults; the cholerick is its own Tormentor.

If a Man is good-natur'd, his Friends devour him; if not, his Foes.

The impatient feels as much Uneasiness from the slow Approach of Pleasure, as others from the Despair of it.

To the thoughtless and improvident, the Surprize of every Disappointment doubles its Pain.

To the wary and foreboding, the constant Expectation of Calamity, is a Calamity itself.

If a Man is haughty, and too tender of his Honour, he gives the Power of hurting him to every Wretch that can shew Disrespect: And who cannot? If he is remiss, and negligent of Respect, Men will withhold real Services, because their Ceremonial was not sufficiently welcome; he loses the Substance, because he will not catch at the Shadow. But Forms are more than Shadows, they are the Robe and Defence of Realities, which will ever run some Hazard, when we throw them off.

The very courteous lessen their Favours by giving them the Appearance of a Debt, thro' their frequent Professions of Kindness: The Favours of an arrogant Man are receiv'd unthankfully; because, thro' too great a Consciousness of them, he is his own Pay-Master. And yet he who does not sometimes assert his own Merit, will soon have painful Suspicions that the former is in the Right.

The suspicious, in some Measure, justify those Injuries, they expect. A Person of small Merit is anxiously jealous of Imputations on his Honour, because he knows his Title is weak; one of great Merit turbidly resents them, because he knows his Title is strong.

The refining Temper is expressly a Maker of Evils: Not to be obliged by Superiors, it construes an Injury; to be obliged by Inferiors, an Affront. To have its Wants relieved, it construes an Affectation of Superiority in its Benefactor; not to have them relieved, a Contempt. It can work Wonders to its own Disadvantage, and make a Look or Gesture, it disapproves, a serious Misfortune.

Reserve may procure Respect, but it gives a Disposition to Harred; because that Respect is involuntary, and as it were, extorted; and we hate every Thing that invades the Freedom of our Choice.

Affability procures Good-will, but may give a Disposition to contempt; because it gives us cheaply that which we desire, and the Difficulty of the Attainment enhances the Value of Things.

A Fearless Temper impairs our Caution, and makes us careless of exerting our utmost Strength; A Timid, gives our Understanding the strongest Arguments for exerting our Strength, but at the same Time enfeebles the Heart in the Execution of what appears so reasonable.

A Native Modesty in Men may conciliate Love from the Many, but forbids Esteem from the Wise: Because with them no Act has Merit, but what has Choice; and these chuse not Modesty by their Reason, but suffer it from their Constitutions.

Proud Men are apt to be injurious, because it is a Mark of Superiority: They strike more through Vanity, than Malice; but then, as it is a Mark, it is a Mutilation of Superiority too; For it throws down our Respect for them, which is a considerable Support of it.

Too great a Sensibility creates Pain, where by Nature it is not; too little perceives not Blessings where they are: And there is a too great Sensibility from Fortune, as well as Temper: Rank gives some Persons such a Delicacy, that they have a Set of Inquietudes entirely their own, the Prerogative of their high Station, to which their Inferiors must not presume to pretend. If Humour, and Passion are indulged, how domineering are they? If denied, how rebellious? which leads me to

The *Sixth* and last Consideration, the Passions of Men.
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An Account of the Passions is properly a History of the Active Part of the Soul, as an Account of the Understanding is of the Contemplative. They may be consider'd as so many Standard-Bearers, round each of which many Mischiefs are rang'd in array against us, and lay waste the Tranquillity of Human Life. They have by others been consider'd Physically, as they constitute Part of our Nature; Morally, as they influence Virtue and Vice; and Rhetorically, with regard to Composition; but I do not know that they have been consider'd in a System, or with any Accuracy, as the Pains, and Promoters of the Pains of Life. In this View I shall speak of them, with as much Light and Distinction, as I can. It is the Passions that give the perpetual Motion to Human Life, that roll us from Place to Place, from Object to Object, nor will the Grave itself afford them Rest.

First, Anger. It is elegantly said, the King's Anger is as a roaring Lion. Which Description of it is confin'd to Kings, only as to its Efficacy; it is as strong, tho' not as successful in other Men. By a King it is let loose into the large Field of Power, in others it bites the Bars that confine it, and in both, it lashes itself. This shows it to be a Pain; and it likewise proceeds from Pain; for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has received an Injury in himself, or His; for which he is, first, Grieved. So that Anger may be called the Daughter of Sorrow, and the Mother of Revenge, which often has fatal Consequences. Thus this Passion has past, present, and future Pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent; for among Enemies it is the natural Habit of the Mind; and where are not Enemies? Among Friends, it is unnatural, and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As Pride is predominant in Man, the principal Cause of Anger is Disrespect; the Question therefore is, if the angry Man acts not against his own supream Purpose: If Anger is impotent, That is a Blow directly on his Pride; if
it

it succeeds by unworthy Means, That is a Blow on his general Character. Anger therefore is not only an Evil it felt, proceeding from, and leading to Evil, but, often, to the very Evil it would most avoid. It falls on its own Sword.

Two Sorts of Men are most subject to this Passion; Men of Felicity, and Men of Affliction, One, because their Expectations are high, the other because their Uneasinesses are many. The First make their Superiority their Anxiety, counterballancing by their own Resentment, the Favours of Nature, and Fortune; the Second inflame the Severities of them both.

Ally'd to Anger is Hatred, which is a lasting Anger; now Hatred is always accompany'd with Disgust, and Disgust is Pain.

Ally'd to Hatred are Contempt, and Abhorrence; Contempt is Hatred without Fear, but it is Hatred, and therefore Pain, Abhorrence is Hatred with Fear, and therefore its Pain is double.

Investive indeed eases the Heart, as a Discharge the Stomach, but it also proves it very sick before.

I do not deny that there is such a Thing as a malicious Pleasure; but I affirm it is a Pleasure like that of violent scratching, or striking our selves in some Dispositions; it supposes a Distemper, and leaves a Wound, both in our Reputation, and our Peace.

Anger has under its Banner, Investive, Assault, Ruin, and Death.

Secondly, Love. By Love I mean not the Desire of what is Useful, or Honest, but more particularly of what is Pleasant. With Philosophers it includes the two Former, with the World it is often limited to the Last. It implies Discontent, that is Pain; for he that desires, is dissatisfy'd

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with his present Condition, be it what it will. And the Pain is in Proportion to the Desire.

To say the least to the Disadvantage of this Passion. It is putting your Peace in the Power of another, which is rarely safe even in your own.

There are two Things, I think, peculiar to this Passion; and what makes them more remarkable, is, they seem somewhat inconsistent. One is our Desire of it; the Other is a Condition that makes it very Undesirable. As to the First, we don't seek, nay, we avoid Occasions of Anger, Hatred, Fear, Shame, or Envy, but we seek Occasions of Love. As to the Second, Love is all the Passions in one: It is Anger that it cannot, Shame that it does not, Fear that it shall not enjoy its Object; It is Envy of, and Hatred to, those that possibly may. For Envy, Hatred, and Suspicion form Love's constant Companion, Jealousie; which therefore stings deeper than either of them, because it is all. Now as many Passions as Love has, so many Pains. Be it therefore a Maxim, he that was never pain'd, never lov'd.

But tho' this Passion has Pains, leads it not to Pleasures? It may fail of them, and then it is Despair, which is most terrible; if it attains them, they may not be lasting; For most Pleasures, like Flowers when gather'd, die.

Love has under its Banner, Watching, Sickness, Abasement, Adulation, Perjury, Jealousie; and sometimes it lifts Anger's most dreadful Followers; the only difference is, there, they are standing Troops, here, casual Recruits; there, they are Volunteers, here, they are pressed occasionally into the Service; for they do not naturally belong to Love.

Thirdly, Fear. This is a most dismal Passion; a Mind haunted with Fear is a hideous Night-Piece of Storm, Precipice, Ruins, Tombs, and Apparitions; it is not content with the Compass of Nature, as if too scanty for Evil,

vil, but creates new Worlds for Calamity; Things that are not. But very timorous Natures only suffer to this Degree; and it is well they do not; for such a Fear alone is capable of taking in an ample Vengeance of an incens'd God. In-
somuch that some have thought that Hell consisted in the severe Extremity of this Passion only.

All, that fear, have proportionable Pain. It is an Anticipation of Evil; and has under its Banner, Confusion, Supplication, Servility, Amazement, and Self-Desertion particularly.

For I think it a Peculiarity of Fear that it defeats its own Purpose more than any of the Passions. Anger strikes, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Blow; Love pursues, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Pursuit; Fear makes us fly, but makes us stumble too, and the more precipitate our Flight, the farther are we from an Escape. Hence says the Holy Scripture, it betrays the Succours of Reason, meaning, that it betrays it more than any other Passion, for all betray it in some Degree.

Fears are the Shields of Life; but if they are too many, they are an Oppression, and like the Maid at the Capitol, we perish under them.

Fears we have many, but there is but one that came from Heaven, (as the *Romans* fabled of their *Ancile*.) which is the Fear of God; all the rest are false; and this sevenfold Shield will save us from them: A falling World cannot affright him, whom that Shield has under its Protection.

Fourthly, There is also false Shame; when, through an Affectation of the Esteem of bad Men, we are ashamed of what God approves; or if ashamed of what is truly shameful, then, we are ashamed with regard to Men, not God. The First is Blasphemy in Thought; or such a Thought, as if express'd in Words, would be Blasphemous. The Second is Sacrilege, giving God's Due to Man. This is a Shame to be ashamed of; and contrary to the Apostle's Repentance

pentance not to be repented of, for Shame is a Repentance, or something very like it.

Shame is a Sense of Estimation impair'd, and of our sinking in the Opinion of Men; I wish I could add of God too; for Men are not asham'd of Injustice, or Prophaness, at the same Time that they blush for an Omission in Fashion or Complaisance: Nay I wish they are not often proud of the Former; now Pride is Shame's Reverse. As shining in the Opinion of others is the supreme Aim of almost all Men. Shame must be exceeding Painful, as it implies the Loss, or Diminution of their greatest fancy'd Good. Besides, every Man, while he is asham'd wishes his Condition alter'd, which no Man does that is happy under it.

Shame has under its Banner, Self-Condernation, Pusillanimity, Regret, Lying, Confusion of Face.

Which last puts me in Mind of what I take to be Peculiarities of this Passion. Which are Three. First, Other Passions fly to Men for Redress of their Grievances. This flies from them: Anger flies to strike, Love to embrace, Fear for Shelter; But Shame flies from all Men, and makes an Eye as sharp as a Sword. Shame's bad Estate is seen in this, that its Hope, and Felicity runs so low, as to make Night, and Oblivion, which are the Terror of others, a Wish, a Joy; *Fallere & Effugere est Triumphus*. So that it robs Man of one of his most Essential good Qualities, that of his being a sociable Creature.

Secondly, Shame has a more infallible Mark fix'd on it by Nature, than any of the rest, I mean Blushes. Of which I take the Reason to be, that this Passion necessarily supposes Guilt. Which is not the Case of any of the Passions beside, except Envy, which is generally mark'd with Pale-ness, as Shame with the Contrary. Shame, I say, necessarily supposes Guilt. For none are asham'd but on one of these Three Accounts. First, Because they are directly guilty. Secondly, Because they want some Merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Because they suffer some Indignity.

nity, Now the want of proper Merit proceeds generally from Omissions; suffering Indignities, from Sloth, or Cowardice; and all these are Vicious. But Men are sometimes asham'd of Virtue. True; but then they consider That Virtue as a Fault, in the Eyes of those before whom they are asham'd of it: Besides, then, it does not only suppose, but is Guilt.

Thirdly, Lying. This is the false Cover of false Shame; for true or proper Shame has Regard to God, and who dares, who can lye to him? For we cannot lye to any Purpose, but to fallible Beings. Now as false Shame is lying eternally, tho' the Person subject to it is asham'd without Reason at first, He is sure to have ample Reason for Shame in the End; and consequently he will be pain'd without just Cause, and with it, too.

Fifthly, Envy. This is the most Deformed, and most Detestable of all the Passions. A good Man may be angry, or asham'd, may love, or fear; but a good Man can not envy. For all other Passions seek Good, but envy Evil. All other Passions propose Advantages to themselves; Envy seeks the Detriment of others. They therefore are Human. This is Diabolical. Anger seeks Vengeance for an Injury; an Injury in Fortune, or Person or Honour; But Envy pretends no Injuries, and yet has an Appetite for Vengeance: Love seeks the Possession of Good, Fear the flight of Evil; but Envy neither; all her Good is the Disadvantage of another. Hence it is most Detestable; and because most detestable, therefore, Secondly,

Most Deformed. For it is the most detestable, because the least natural; or what is least natural works in us the most disadvantageous, and deforming Effects. We must be sometimes angry, we must love, and fear, and be asham'd by the Necessity of our Nature, and there are just Occasions for them all. But no Necessity of our Nature, obliges us to Envy, nor is there any just Occasion for it. For all Men are unhappy, only we know not where their Uneasiness lies; therefore there is no natural Occasion for Envy;

and that there should be a Moral one is a Contradiction; for the happier others are, the more we should rejoice. As therefore neither our Nature, nor Reason requires Envy, it is properly unnatural, and because unnatural, it works such terrible Effects in us. How Pale, Keen, Inhuman, and Emaciated is it's Look, if the undeserved Indulgence of Constitution gets not the better of those Effects: Now all these are Demonstrations of its extream Pain.

Men of Imagination therefore have been fond of this Subject, as Painters, Poets, Historians, for the Imagination delights in Extrems; and nothing is more terrible than their Descriptions of it, but the Thing it self. A cheartful Heart does good like a Medicine, but Envy corrodes like a Poison; It is so sharp, that it cuts the Body which sheathes it. Nay it is thought by some, actually to send forth its Virulence; to sit visible in the Eyes, and wound its Object. Of this Opinion seems our greatest *English* Philosopher, who assigns Physical Reasons why Persons in Joy, and Triumph, are more liable to receive this Venom than others. What a Wretch must the Quiver of such Arrows be? Such is the Pain of Envy, that it made the two greatest, and bravest Men that ever liv'd, weep; It made them shed Tears, but not of Compassion, though over the Monuments of the Dead.

Compassion is griev'd at others Evil, Envy at others Good. Indignation is griev'd that the Unworthy prosper, Envy that the Meritorious prosper, also. Emulation is griev'd as its own Wants, Envy at the Enjoyments of others. Nay it principally maligns those who deserve the greatest Praise, (*viz*) New Men, the Makers of their own Fame, and Fortune. For rising Glory occasions the greatest Envy, as kindling Fires, the greatest Smoak. In a Word, It is the Reverse of Charity; and as that is the supream Source of Pleasure, so this of Pain. This gathers Pain, as that gathers Pleasures from all the Felicities that happen to Mankind. Nor is it only painful, but ignominious. The most Imperfect, and Pusillanimous are most subject to it; The First, because their Field for Envy is largest; The Second,

cond, because, through Mistake, what is little appears great to them; and, therefore, as the proper Object of Envy.

Its Peculiarities I take to be, First, That it seeks not, (as the other Passions.) Good, but Evil. Secondly, That this is lasting, the others short. We are angry, or ashamed, we love, or fear, for a Day or a Year; but we envy for Life; and I look on it to be the most universal Source of Unhappiness on Earth.

It has under its Banner, Hatred, Calumny, Treachery, Cabal, with the Meagerness of Famine, Venom of Pestilence, and Rage of War.

Nor are the Good, and pleasurable Passions without their Inconveniencies, and Inquietudes, which is a Subject hitherto, I believe, unhandled. Compassion, Indignation, Emulation, Hope, nay and Joy it self, if fairly examined, will prove this true, without any Refinement, or Affectation of novelty in the Attempt.

First, Compassion, while it has other's Misery in its Eye, it has its own in its Apprehension; and is struck with a quick Sense of the obnoxious Condition of Human Nature. Hence it is evident, that Fear, and Sorrow, are included in it; and can there be Fear and Sorrow without Pain?

Though I know it is disputed, I venture to affirm, that our Compassion for others, is accompanied with a Concern for our selves. And I am persuaded of this, from considering the Persons who are most, and who are least inclined to Compassion.

The least inclined, are the most confirmed in, or the most lost to Happiness. The First are not compassionate, because they have felt the worst. Little self-concern being mov'd by the miserable Object in these Men, little Compassion is mov'd by it, too.

The most inclined to it, are the Timid, and those who have Wives, Children, and Relations. The First, because they are most liable to fear for themselves; the Second, because they afford Misfortune the largest Mark.

And all are more compassionate towards their Equals in Age, Fortune, Birth, Qualifications, or Manners, than others; because the Misfortunes of such are a more direct Alarm of Fear for themselves.

Secondly, Indignation. This is a just, and noble Passion, and none but the Noble-Minded feel it. It is a generous Zeal for Right, an Heroick and laudable Anger at the Prosperity of Undeservers. An Anger therefore Foreign to the Unworthy, Base, and Profligate, who can conceive no Resentment that Men, like themselves, prosper. This elevated Passion has sometimes a severer Pang than is consistent with Life. *Cato* died of it. He thought no Man worthy to triumph over Liberty and *Rome*. And that violent Deportment shown at his Death, which has, hitherto, been wrongfully imputed to a Ferocity of Temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental Passion, which was the Cause of his Death; this Fever, this noble Inflammation of Mind, this Indignation for *Cæsar's* unjust Success. My Conjecture clears his Character in that Respect, and makes it more consistent with that Humanity, which he, in a peculiar Manner, manifested on many Occasions in his laudable Life, which was worthy our Emulation, though his Death was detestable at the best.

Thirdly, Emulation is an exalted, and glorious Passion, Parent of most Excellencies in Human Life. It is enamour'd of all Virtue, and Accomplishment; its generous Food is Praise; its sublime Profession, Transcendency, and the Life it pants after, Immortality. It kindles at all that is Illustrious; and as it were, lights its Torch at the Sun. Envy seeks other's Evil, Emulation its own Good; Envy repines at Excellency without Imitation; Emulation imitates, and rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at, we emulate, nothing but what we can, or think

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think at least we can attain. Hence the Young and Magnanimous are most inflam'd with Emulation, an Emulation rather of Glory, and Virtue, than of the Goods of the Body, or Fortune, till the World effaces Nature's first good Impressions. "*Hæc imitâmini, says Tully, per Deos immortales, hæc Ampla sunt, hæc Divina, hæc Immortalia, hæc Fama celebrantur, monumentis Annalium mandantur, Posteritati propagantur.*"

But tho' Emulation is the Pursuit of the most amiable Things, and that by Persons most amiable too, it cannot escape; it cannot escape in this World, where Men judge of others by themselves, being mistaken for Envy, and being treated accordingly. For it has sometimes, such a Degree of Resemblance, as to give the Weak occasion of Error, and the Malicious of Excuse. Thus it falls *Alieno Vulnere*; not to mention its own natural Pain, which is at least as uneasy to the Soul, as extream Thirst is to the Body. Hope and Fear ply the Heart of Emulation with Violence; It has its Throbs, its Paleness and Tremblings, when carry'd to an Height.

*Exultantiaque haurit
Corda Pavor pulsans, Laudumque arrecta Cupido.*

Fourthly, Hope, and Joy. Hope feels the Stings of Impatience, which is often so vehemently eager, that falling from it into the Despair of its Object, is sometimes a sensible Ease to the Mind. Joy, if moderate, scarce breaks thro' the general Disquiet of Life; if immoderate, it is a Fever, a Tumult, a gay Delirium, a Transport; which signifies a Man's being beside, or beyond himself; and he that is not in Possession of himself, can but ill be said to be in Possession of any thing else: Joy in this Case, goes beyond its Bounds, into an Enemy's Country, and becomes a Pain; as its Tears abundantly testify. Nor has its Tears only, but it is sometimes Mortal.

Hence some, nay most Philosophers, have plac'd our Chief Good in Serenity, or Indolence, but this is a Mistake.

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stake. Indolence, or Rest is inconsistent with our Nature, and not to be found in Heaven itself, but in a Comparative Sense. On the Contrary, our Heaven will consist in a pleasing Motion, a delightful Exertion, a transporting Progress to all Eternity. Annihilation is the only Rest for Man. What therefore we are to aim at, I shall shew in my second Discourse.

To conclude on the Passions. We consist of Soul, and Body; the Passions are the Wants of the Soul, as the Appetites may be call'd the Passions of the Body. So that we are made up of Wants, and Pains. Who is almost ever free from one Passion, or another? And as Passions are the Pains (from which they take their very Name) so are they the Destroyers too, of our Nature, they pain the whole Soul, they confound the Memory, make wild the Imagination, and hurt the Understanding, like Ebriety, which they resemble in their natural, and moral ill Consequences. And because they injure the Body also, therefore has the Physician, as well as the Moralist, to do with them; and interdicts them to all those who desire Length of Days. Nay, they, are more terrible than that Death which they hasten; for many have fled to that from the Torment of them. It seems strangest, at first Sight, that Fear, of all the Passions, should put on this Appearance of Courage; but it is so far from it, in reality, that no other Passion ever arriv'd at Suicide, but thro' the Suggestion of this Trembler, Fear. Men die because they fear Life under its present Ills; Whereas True Valour meets those Ills, whatever they are, with the same Resolution, with which they meet Death. Their Cowardice shews a pale, feeble Valour, as Darkness shews the Moon; but that Valour is nothing compar'd to the true, as the Moon is nothing by Day.

If this Account of the Passions be just, let us turn them against themselves; let us be angry with Anger, ashamed of Shame, afraid of Fear, pity Envy, and moderate our Fondness for Love. For some are so idle, ridiculous, shameless, as to court the Passion itself; and at a time too,
when

when they have the least Probability of Success. Love, according to the different Objects it embraces, like a Woman espoused, changes its Name, and becomes Voluptuousness, Ambition, Avarice, or Vanity. Those four predominant Impulses that divide Mankind between them; that beat on us, like the four Winds of Heaven, and keep the restless World in a perpetual Storm.

On this common Subject I shall endeavour to throw some new Light, by shewing that they all act directly counter to their own Purposes, and are the Reverse of that which they pretend to.

First, The Voluptuous: Can this Man be unhappy, whose sole Aim is Pleasure? Whose Study is the Art, whose Life is the Chase, of Delight? He may, he is, nay he must be so; because his Imagination promises much more than Sense is able to pay. Hence, he is always disappointed; but through Ignorance or Negligence of the Cause of it, though always disappointed, he is always expecting; and repeated Experience serves only to upbraid, not correct his Conduct. And it must be so; for as every new Scene of Voluptuousness is a new Light to his Understanding, to shew the Insufficiency of those Scenes to his Happiness; so is it, also, a new Blow to his Understanding, and the Rectitude of his Will, and weakens his Power of resisting them. Hence is he reduced to the wretched State of eternally pursuing, and eternally condemning the same Things; than which, nothing more severe could be imposed by the greatest Tyrant, and greatest Foe. 'Tis not in vigorous Health, boundless Fortune, unrestrained Liberty, or that Liberty improv'd by Skill, and Experience into an Art of Debauchery, to give him Satisfaction, nay not to give him Inquietude, though Virtue, though Reason did not interpose: The Body only would find out the Vanity, the Tedium, the bad Effect of Voluptuousness, and bare Instinct would reproach him with it. His past gives Regret, his present dissatisfies, and his future deceives: His Imagination imposes on his Senses; his Senses weaken, and vex his Understanding; and his Understand-
ing

ing censures them both : They persist, that grows peevish, and impotent. Thus the divided Man, like a divided Family, is the Seat of Misery, and Object of Contempt.

With regard to the chief Branch of Sensuality, and its fatal Consequences, it may be truly said, that nothing is more stinging than a bad Woman's Hatred, except her Carresses; nothing is more to be declin'd than her Deformity, except her Charms. But as for a good Woman, *Her Price is beyond Gold. She is a Pillar of Rest.*

The Man of Pleasure, as the Phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all Beings; he travels, indeed, with his Ribbon, Plume, and Bells; his Dress, and his Musick, but through a toilsome, and beaten Road; and every day nauseously repeats the same Tracts. Throw an Eye into the gay World, what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, ematiated, fluttering, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own Infelicity? The decay'd Monuments of Error! The thin Remains of what is called Delight!

In a Word, to suppose Sense alone can make a Man happy, is to suppose Reason superfluous, which is blasphemous, and absurd: But Sensuality brings such a Grossness on the Understanding that this Argument will not be so much as comprehended by those who have the greatest Need of being affected by it. Now the Cause of their not comprehending it, is their total Inexperience, and Ignorance of the Pleasures of Reason: Which Ignorance proves this gay, this gallant Creature, this Patron of Pleasures, and Professor of Delight, (what he little suspects) in Reality, the greatest Niggard in Enjoyment, the greatest Self-denier in the World.

Secondly, Ambition. Voluptuousness had its Intervals: When Sense is satisfied, it pauses for the Revival of its Flame; like Eruptions, it rages, and rests by Turns: But
Am-

Ambition, like a Conflagration, burns on incessant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the stronger is its Fury. Success but sets it new Tasks, and is as severe to the Ambitious, as Misfortune to other Men. Every Difficulty he cuts off, seven rise in its Stead: So that the Character of the most ambitious Man that ever liv'd, is a proper Motto for all his Sons, whose Sport, like the *Leviathan's*, makes a Tempest, and is the Ruin of all about them. *Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.* That is, it is their Maxim, to know no Rest. How differs then Ambition from Slavery? As severe Exercise from hard Labour; the Thing is the same, only here it is Necessity, and there it is Choice; that is, there it is Wretchedness, and Folly too.

The Ambitious thinks all Happiness is deriv'd from Comparison, and that highest, and happiest, is the same Thing: Nor knows that to be high, is not always to be happy; but to be happy, is always, and truly to be high. If his Notion is right, how have the Wisest of all Ages, and all Nations been mistaken? Either they have persever'd in an eternal, and obstinate Error, in asserting Content to be Happiness, or he is not happy at all; for Ambition imports an Absence, nay, a Disdain of Content. And indeed it has the Glory, if 'tis a Glory, of being far from it. Disappointment in small Things, gives the Ambitious no small Anxiety; Success in great, no great Satisfaction, because there remains still greater Things than these; and while his Heart burns at some mighty Point in View, it robs him of the relish of those considerable Enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meanest of her Children. The Spring has no Beauty, the Autumn has no Taste; much less has Wisdom, or Religion. He is not altogether incapable of repenting of Religion, and thinking his Prayers a Loss of Time. Too just, I fear, is this Observation, which makes a Passage in *Aristotle* extremely remarkable, who recounting the Vices incident to the great Men of his Age, says, "Indevotion was not one of them, but that they were addicted to the Worship of the Gods, on account of the
" Riches

“ Riches which they had receiv’d from them.” But to return, the Violence of the ambitious Man’s Desires sets him at a Distance from himself; he is never at Home to the present Hour, but reaching, and gasping at Joys to come; all in Possession is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent Affection for those Objects he pursues? To a strenuous Endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as fast as he can; that is, he seeks at once to gain a Blessing, and to destroy it: Nor in this only does the Ambitious appear to thwart his own Purposes, as will appear immediately.

But First, let us observe that he cannot be extremely happy in the very Exercise of his Dominion, that fullest Gift of all his Desires; when he stands surrounded with many Circles of expecting, anxious Beings; the whole Nest gaping-wide, while he can allay the Cravings but of Few. He has not Morsels for them all. If he has any Humanity, it must touch it, to see himself besieged with eager Visages, secret Pains, repining Hearts, disappointed Hopes, that will strike deep into the Peace of Families, and carry Distresses beyond his Knowledge, and perhaps beyond his Conception of it. Or if these Stings of his Fellow-Creatures touch him not, he is still more to be pity’d.

Seek not of the Lord Preheminence, neither of the King in the Seat of Honour. But call in the Waves of thy Desire, climbing over one another for ever; bid thy proud Heart be still, and say to it, hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther: And let it, at least, have the Bounds of the Ocean, as well as the Tumult of it.

Among Ambition’s Temporal Evils (for of those only I speak) must be number’d the Terribleness of its Fall, which the Scripture sets in the strongest Light. It shews it in a Flame of Eloquence: In its Stile of Denunciation against it, it shakes Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and shall it not shake the Heart of Man? Give me leave to set down at large, one remarkable Instance of this, collected from the Scriptures.

I shall place the Woe of *Babylon* in this Order. God's Threatning, his Word of Command, the Execution, the Reflection, the Consequence, the Triumph.

“ O Earth! Earth! hear the Word of *The Threatning,*
 “ the Lord, who is cloathed in a Vesture *or Alarm.*
 “ dip'd in Blood, and out of his Mouth
 “ goeth a sharp two-edged Sword, and his Countenance
 “ shineth as the Sun in his Strength. Put yourselves in
 “ Array against *Babylon*, round about: O thou most proud!
 “ behold I am against thee. Thou hast harden'd thy
 “ Heart in Pride. Thou hast provoked the Eyes of my
 “ Glory. Though thou shouldst mount up to Heaven, and
 “ fortify the Heighth of thy Strength, though thou shouldst
 “ exalt thy self as an Eagle, and build thy Nest among the
 “ Stars, I will bring thee down. O how lofty are thy
 “ Eyes? O thou who dwellest on many Waters! Abun-
 “ dant in Treasure! Thy End is come. There shall be
 “ Time no longer with thee. I have the Keys of Hell, and
 “ of Death. Though thou art a fair Cedar of *Lebanon*,
 “ though the Fowls of Heaven make their Nest in thy
 “ Boughs, and under thy Shadow dwell all great Nations,
 “ and thy Roots drink many Rivers, and all the Trees of
 “ the Garden of God envy the Multitude of thy Branches,
 “ thou shalt be but a fading Flower. I will tread the Wine-
 “ press of the Fierceness and Wrath of Almighty God.
 “ Wherefore gloriest thou thy self in thy Vallies, thy flow-
 “ ing Vallies, thou back-sliding Daughter? Though thou
 “ fillest the Face of the World with Cities, though thou
 “ cloathest thy self with Crimson, and deckest thee with
 “ Ornaments of Gold, and thy Face with Painting; in
 “ vain thou makest thy self fair, thy Lovers shall seek thy
 “ Life. The Ambassadors of Peace shall weep bitterly.
 “ Woe to the Multitude that makes a Noise, like the Noise
 “ of the Seas, and to the Rushing of Nations, like the
 “ Rushing of many Waters. I will cause the Arrogancy
 “ of the Proud to cease, and lay low the Haughtiness of
 “ the Terrible. Though thou art as a young Lion of the
 “ Nations, and as a Whale in the Seas, they shall bring thee
 “ up

" up in my Net. They shall set thee a Bed in the midst of
 " the Slain; thy Graves shall be round about thee: Because
 " thy Children are grown fat, as Heifers at Grass, and bel-
 " low as Bulls. I will set my Terrors in Array against thee,
 " the Arrows of the Almighty shall be in thee, they shall
 " drink up thy Spirits. Though all People, Nations, and
 " Languages tremble before thee, I will smite the Bow
 " from thy Left-Hand, and the Arrows from thy Right.
 " Give Wings to *Babylon* that she may fly: In vain! the
 " Lame shall take the Prey. I will lay thy Flesh upon the
 " Mountains, and fill thy Vallies with thy Height. I will
 " water with Blood the Land wherein thou swimmest, the
 " Rivers shall be full of thee. The Beasts of the Field, and
 " the feather'd Fowl shall assemble to the Sacrifice on the
 " Mountain; they shall eat the Flesh, and drink the Blood
 " of Princes; they shall be fill'd at my Table with Horses,
 " and Chariots, and mighty Men of War. Tho' thou
 " diggest into Hell, my Hand shall take thee thence;
 " though thou climbest up to Heaven, thence will I bring
 " thee down; though thou hidest in the bottom of the
 " Sea, I will command my Serpent to bite thee, there.
 " I will send up many Hunters against thee, and they shall
 " pursue thee from Hill to Hill, from Mountain to Moun-
 " tain, they shall roll thee down the Rocks. Thou shalt
 " not lift thy self up in thy Brigandine, thy Tackling shall
 " be loosed; thou shalt not strengthen the Mast, nor spread
 " the Sail; there is a Cry in the Ships, Though thy Ship-
 " board is the Fir Tree of *Senir*, and thy Mast the Cedar of
 " *Lebanon*, thine Oars the Oak of *Bashan*, and though the
 " *Ashurites* have made thy Benches of Ivory; thy Sail fine
 " Linnen with brodered Work from *Egypt*, Blue and Pur-
 " ple from the Isles of *Elishah*; *Zidon* and *Arvad* thy Ma-
 " riners, and thy Pilots wise Men. Wilt thou say before
 " him that slayeth thee, *I am a God*? And when in the Fire
 " of my Wrath I put thee out, I will cover the Heavens,
 " and make the Stars dark; the Moon shall be confounded,
 " and the Sun ashamed; I will shake the Firmament, and
 " the Earth shall be moved out of her Place; Hell from
 " beneath shall be moved for thee, to meet thy coming; it
 " shall stir up the Dead, the chief ones of the Earth and
 " raise

“ raise from their Thrones all the Kings of the Nations.
“ The whole Creation shall groan! Thy Stars shall fall
“ down round about thee, and be stamped on the Earth.

“ The Lord maketh his Arm bare, he
“ hath open'd his Armoury, and brought
“ forth the Weapons of his Indignation;
“ his glittering Spear, and his Shield; and his Chariots,
“ from between two Mountains, two Mountains of Brass.
“ The Pestilence goeth before him, and behind him a
“ flaming Fire. He cometh up like a Lion from the swelling
“ of *Jordan*; in the Glory of his Majesty he ariseth to
“ shake terribly the Earth. The Lord mustereth the Host
“ to Battle. Lift ye up a Banner on the high Mountain!
“ Exalt the Voice: Shake the Hand! Harness the Horses!
“ Get up the Horsemen! Stand forth with the Helmet!
“ Put on the Brigantines! Prepare thee! Stand fast! Go
“ up O *Elam*! Besiege O *Media*! Ye Kingdoms of *Ara-*
“ *rat*! *Minni*! and *Ashchenaz*! Ye are my Battle Axe.
“ Come up ye Horses! and rage ye Chariots! and let the
“ mighty Men come forth. Make bright the Arrows!
“ and gather the Shields! Arise ye Princes! and anoint the
“ Buckler! Set up a Standard on the Walls! Make the
“ Watch strong! Prepare the Ambush! Cast up a Bank!
“ Call the Archers! Spare no Arrows! Set the Engines of
“ War against her Wall! With Axes break down her Tow-
“ ers! Burst her Bars! her Pillars of Iron, and her Walls of
“ Brass! A Sword! a Sword is sharpen'd! Ah! It is made
“ bright! It is wrap'd up for the Slaughter. Their Horses
“ Hoofs are like Flint; and their Wheels like a Whirlwind.
“ Their Arrows are sharp, their Bows bent; the Quiver
“ rattles against thee. The Valleys are full of Chariots,
“ the Horsemen set themselves in Array at the Entering of
“ the Gates. The Snorting of the Horses is heard from
“ *Media*; the whole Land trembles at the Neighing of
“ the Strong. Nations lift up a Shout against her, they set
“ their Thrones before her Gates. They roar like a Lion,
“ like a young Lion; they roar like the Roaring of the Sea.
“ No Man shall spare his Brother. Cursed is he who
“ keepeth back his Sword from Blood.

*The Words of
Command.*

The Execution.

" Lo! the Shield of the Mg'hty is
 " madered; the Valiant are in Scarlet.
 " The Chariots are with flaming Torches; the Fir Trees
 " are terribly shaken. They rage in the Streets, they jostle
 " one another in the broad Ways, they run like Lightnings,
 " the prancing Horses! and jumping Chariots! the Horse
 " is struck with Astonishment; and the Rider with Mad-
 " ness. A Day of Wrath and Distress; of Desolation and
 " Darknefs; of the Trumpet and Alarm! All Hands are
 " faint; and every Heart melts. Their Children are dash'd
 " to pieces before their Eyes; their Houses spoil'd; their
 " Wives ravish'd; their Women with Child are rip'd up.
 " The Blood of the Souls of the Innocents is upon them.
 " Watchman! What of the Night! Watchman! What of
 " the Night? Enquire! Return! Come! One Post runs
 " to meet another, and one Messenger to meet another,
 " to tell the King of *Babylon* that his City is taken at one
 " End; that the Passages are stop'd, the Reeds burnt with
 " Fire, the Men of War affrighted. They scale the Wall,
 " they climb the Houses, Death comes in at his Windows,
 " like a Thief. The Gates of the Rivers are open'd; the
 " Palace is dissolv'd. Pangs take hold on them, as on a
 " Woman in Travel. They are amaz'd; their Faces are
 " as Flames. They are fed with their own Flesh; and
 " drunken with their own Blood; as with sweet Wine.
 " Howl O Gate! Cry O City! *Bell* boweth down! *Nebo*
 " stoopeth! *Merodack* is confounded! They stoop, they
 " bow down together. Thou saidst, I shall sit a Lady for
 " ever, I shall not be a Widow. Lo! Thy Sons have
 " fainted, they lie at the Heads of all the Streets, like a
 " wild Bull in a Net; they are full of the Fury of the
 " Lord. The Sword devours, it is satiate, it is drunk
 " with Blood. At the Stamping of the Hoofs of the strong
 " Horses, at the Rushing of the Chariots, and the Rum-
 " bling of the Wheels, the Fathers look not back for their
 " Children. The Mighty stumbleth against the Mighty,
 " and both fall together. They roar as Lions, and yell as
 " Lion's Whelps. Her broad Walls are utterly broken, her
 " high Gates are burn'd with Fire; in Fire her People la-

" bour;

"bour; and labour in vain! Her mighty Men are taken,
 "their Bows are broken; I have made her Princes, her
 "Wife, and her Mighty drunk with the Cup of Trem-
 "bling. They sleep a perpetual Sleep. O thou Sword of
 "the Lord! how long will it be before thou art Quiet?
 "Put up thy self in the Scabbard; rest, and be still.

"My Sword is fill'd with Blood; it is *The Reflection*.
 "fat; it is bath'd in Heaven. With the
 "Sole of my Feet have I dry'd up all the Waters of besieg'd
 "Places. How the Hammer of the whole Earth is bro-
 "ken? *Babylon* is fallen! is fallen! She that was great a-
 "mong the Nations, and Princess among the Provinces!
 "The Glory of Dominion! The Beauty of the *Chaldee's*
 "Excellency! The golden City, that went out by Thou-
 "sands! The Crown of Pride! Alas! alas! That mighty
 "City, that was cloath'd with fine Linnen, Purple, and
 "Scarlet; and deck'd with Gold, precious Stones, and
 "Pearls! She who was call'd the Lady of Kingdoms; that
 "crowning City, whose Merchants were Princes, and
 "her Traffickers, the Honourable of the Earth. That was
 "as a golden Cup in the Hand of the Lord, with which
 "he made drunk the Princes of the Earth, and the Na-
 "tions mad. Thy Pomp, and the Sound of thy Viol is
 "brought down to the Grave; the Worms are spread over
 "thee. Thou art become an Astonishment, and all that
 "pass by hiss at thee. Thy Pile is deep and large, of Fire
 "and much Wood, and the Breath of the Lord like a Stream
 "of Brimstone hath kindled it: the Breath of the Lord,
 "whose Fire is in *Zion*, and his Furnace in *Jerusalem*.
 "Thy *Tophet* shall not be quench'd, Night nor Day, the
 "Smoak of it shall go up for ever, and for ever. Wild
 "Beasts of the Islands shall cry in thy desolate Houses, and
 "doleful Creatures in thy pleasant Palaces; Satyrs shall
 "dance there, they shall cry to their Fellows. It shall be
 "an Habitation of Dragons and the Court of Owls. A
 "Wolf of the Evening shall spoil thee, and a Leopard
 "shall watch over thy City.

“ Thy King spake, and said : Is not this great *Babylon*
 “ which I have built, for the House of the Kingdom, by
 “ the might of my Power, and for the Honour of my
 “ Majesty ? I will ascend into Heaven ; I will exalt my
 “ Throne above the Stars of God ; I will be like the most
 “ High. How art thou fall'n from Heaven O Lucifer !
 “ Son of the Morning ! Is this he that weaken'd the Na-
 “ tions, destroy'd Cities, held Princes Prisoners, shook
 “ Kingdoms, made the Earth tremble, and the World a
 “ Wilderness ?

*The Confe-
 quence.*

“ Thou art cast out of thy very Grave.
 “ Thy Bones shall be spread before the Sun,
 “ and the Moon, the Queen of Heaven,
 “ which Thou lovedst ; and before all the Host of Heaven
 “ which Thou worshipedst. Thy Name, Remnant, Son,
 “ and Nephew, are cut off. Thy Voice shall come out of
 “ the Ground, like the Voice of one that has a familiar
 “ Spirit, and shall whisper out of the Dust. Thy Sons are
 “ gone down to Hell with their Weapons of War ; They
 “ have laid their Swords under their Heads ; but their Ini-
 “ quity shall be upon their Bones, tho' they were the Ter-
 “ ror of the Mighty in the Land of the Living.

“ A mighty Angel took a Stone, like a
The Triumph. “ great Mill-Stone, and threw it into the
 “ Sea, saying, Thus shall the great *Babylon*
 “ be thrown down with Violence, and shall be found no
 “ more for ever. O ye Heavens be astonish'd at this ! Sing
 “ O ye Heavens ! for the Lord hath done it : Let the morn-
 “ ing Stars sing together ; and all the Sons of God shout
 “ for Joy. Allelujah ! Allelujah ! In a Voice, as of a great
 “ Multitude, as of many Waters, as of mighty Thunder-
 “ ings, Allelujah ! Amen, Allelujah ! The Lord God Om-
 “ nipotent reigneth *.

Let

* *Though a shorter Quotation would have satisfied my
 present*

Let no Man imagine (as some seem to do) that the Excellency of his Understanding hinders him from believing a Revelation, if he finds not something beyond all human Composition, in this. What Fire, what Rapidity, what Elevation, what Enthusiasm, what Picture, what Propriety, what Opulence, what Fancy, what Energy, what * *non Imitabile fulmen*, is here? how Arouzing, how Divine, but how Terrifying too, is this? and its sacred Inspirer forbid, that the Ambitious should read it for their Pleasure only. The fall of Ambition is not only possible, but probable; nay, the wisest of Men says, he that exalteth his Gate seeketh his fall. And an Author of great Name, when he is prescribing Rules for the Ambitious, says, that the best rule that can be given them, is, to prepare for a change of Fortune. *Nebuchadnezzar, Julius, Sejanus, Woolsey*, are only leading Instances of fallen Stars; Countless Multitudes have been involv'd in the like Calamity, from the same Cause, and fill up the Terror of these notorious Warnings to the Pride of Man.

On what did *Nebuchadnezzar*, on what does any of his Successors in Ambition set their Hearts? on little Things. Let any one remove his Eye from the most magnificent Parade, or Triumph, to the Expanse of Heaven; and in-

present Purpose, yet since I design'd this, likewise, as a Specimen of a Work that endeavours to shew, in a manner yet unattempted, the Genius, and Eloquence of the Psalms, Prophets, and Job, superior to that of all other Authors, I hope the Length will be excused. Prejudice on one Hand, and implicate Admiration, and Extasy on the other, have left Room, and Occasion of farther adjusting the Degree of Estimation due to these Compositions, as Compositions; some Parts of which have reach'd such a Height of Perfection, that human Nature has not Ideas to carry her to a Conception of any thing beyond it. Two Instances of this Truth among many, are, I think, the six last Chapters of Job, and Psalm the 104th.

* *Virg.*

D 3

stantly,

stantly, what was great is little, what was Publick is Private. The Trumpet, the Plume, all that can enter at Sense on the face of the Earth, seems Annihilated; and to dwell on it, seems creeping into a By-Path, a Digression from the Grandeur of our Nature, and the true Majesty of Life. Let not this be thought extravagant, it is strictly just. And perhaps the best Reason why a great Part of the Creation which seems of little or no Influence to our Well-being, is notwithstanding within the Compass of our Observation, is, that it should lift the Thought, expand the Soul, disparage the littleness of Things below, and inflame us with Reflections of a similar Nature to this.

But to come close to the Point. What does the Ambitious Man aim at? at Dominion, Principality and Power; at governing Nations, and making his Name great in the Earth, and who but the Pusillanimous, and Base, shall censure him for this? whatever his Errors are, does he not shew, at least, a Grandeur of Deportment, and a Magnanimity of Heart? Neither, but altogether the Reverse.

For, First, As to Magnanimity. There is a Meanness of Spirit in passionately desiring those Things, the Contempt of which requires a greater Effort of Mind, (that is a greater Magnanimity,) and bestows a fuller Happiness, than the Possession of them. Magnanimity is a Resolution able to comply with the Dictates of Reason when most difficult; if therefore Ambition is unreasonable, (as I have shewn) it must be Pusillanimous. I will not therefore call the Ambitious an unhappy, or a guilty, (as I might) but what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little Man; and if that does touch him nearer, it will be a new Argument to prove that I call him so with the greatest Truth.

As to the second, The Grandeur of his Deportment. That is, his Distance from Subjection, and Servility. What then if it should appear that no Man is so much a Slave? Dominion over others is indeed his Aim; but by that very Aim he most effectually subjects himself to them. Every one that can retard, or promote his Purposes, has an
Awe

Awe over him; is the Object of his anxious Application, and servile Fear; disciplines his Deportment, and pains his Mind. Not to expect is the only Means to be Free, and he is all Expectation, that is, all Slavery; while Dominion, nay because Dominion is his only Aim. And thus it fares with all irregular Pursuits of Happiness; they contradict the Purpose of God, and therefore must counter-act themselves; for God will not be controul'd. He has assign'd other Means of Happiness, and to convince us of it most strongly, they that make not use of his Means, but their own to that end, shall not only fail of it, but their Endeavours shall be their Hindrance, shall work them backwards, and set them at a greater Distance from it. Thus the Voluptuary just mentioned, while he too warmly pursues the Objects, most effectually blunts the Powers of Appetite. The Covetous, while he inordinately desires to become rich, though he succeeds in all his Attempts, he fails of his End; nay fails of it by that Success; God to chastise, and as it were, to insult him too, gives him the Thing, but withholds the Enjoyment; nay commands Abundance to make him poor. Thus, and thus only can that miraculous Conduct of the Covetous be accounted for, of whom

Thirdly, I am about to speak. The Covetous strongly exposes human Nature by shewing us an Instance in one Person, how much she desires, and how little she wants. For who subsists on so little, who grasps at so much? He mistakes the Means for the End; Money for Enjoyment; nay the Means in his Hands, makes against his End, and the Power of enjoying is an Inducement to Self-denial. The Gold that comes into his Possession but changes its Mine, and is farther from the Light than ever. His Impiety, and his Folly are equally gross. As to the First, He is often in Scripture call'd an Idolater, because he worships his Wealth: As to the Second, That his Idol, like other Idols of old, requires severer Service of him than the true God; more rigid Austerities than Religion enjoins; his Toils, his Self-denials, his fervent Devotion to Gain, is greater than that which might carry him to Heaven. Covetousness is nothing but the

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Painful Art of making Industry sinful, Wealth indigent, Influence dishonourable, Life sordid, Death terrible, and Heirs ungrateful without any manner of Guilt.

But to set it in the clearest and shortest Light; what is Wealth? a Security put into our Hands, that the Enjoyments of this World shall be delivered to us whenever we please, on that Title. Now if that Title rather denies, than gives us those Enjoyments, it loses its Nature; it is no longer a Title indulg'd to our Necessities, but it is a Warrant serv'd on our Folly, to deliver us over to Wretchedness, to Shame, and to Want. So that the Miser has no Wealth.

Nothing is so strange as Man's inextinguishable Thirst for more; nay, he pants after that which he has. For I affirm that infinite Numbers have sufficient Means of Happiness already in their Hands, and sufficient Means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But Men know not what they possess. How few have made an Inventory of their own Blessings? How few know what they do not want? Hence, know thy self was said to come from Heaven: For, without it, no Man can be content. Our Pains are from our Desires, not from our Wants. For which most material Truth I shall mention two Arguments.

First, If we examine, we shall often find, that after burning with some vehement Desire, we are quieted by Despair, as much, and perhaps, more happily, than we should have been by Success.

Second, Let some great Pain seize us in our most rapid Pursuit after what we imagine Essential to our Peace, and the ceasing of that superior Pain will give us a momentary Conviction, that we were really, then, happy, when we thought ourselves miserable. But Folly soon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aside but two Things, First, Our own Imagination, which makes us think Things necessary which are not; Secondly, Our Deference for the Opinion of the World, which makes us incapable of being happy, unless we are thought so, the Majority of Mankind would be much happier than they, at present, imagine; they would grow rich *extempore*, and be more indebted to the Removal of an Error in Judgment, than to any possible Success they could have in their Pursuits of Wealth. Our Error in the present Case, (as in most Others) proceeds from partial Views, from not taking in the Whole. We look only on those above us, which strains our Hearts in Pursuit, and puts all our Faculties plainly on the Stretch; whereas if we lookt on those below us too; it would abate our Ferment, remit our painful Intention, and inspire quite new Sentiments of our own State. Now on our Sentiments (which few observe) our Happiness depends. It lies in Thoughts, and not in Things. Things are *opaque* Bodies, which have no Light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to Advantage the Gayety beaming on them from our own Hearts. Hence, the very Unhappy fly publick, and pompous Scenes of Life; because, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and therefore, more provokingly so, than Retreat. It is not the Man's Business, who desires Happiness, to increase his Riches, but to give his Understanding so just a Judgment of Things, and his Affections so rational a Temper, that he could not be more happy, though he were more rich. Nay some have parted with their Riches for the Sake of Happiness. But, in this, the Faith of Annals, in the Miser's Opinion, will labour very much.

The Foundation of Error in this Point, is, all our Pains, and Pleasures, are from Sense, or Imagination, and not from Reason. Now content is an Art; I have learn'd to be content, says the Apostle. Neither Nature, nor Chance, nor Circumstances can give it. The whole Body of Pagan, and Christian Ethicks are the Rules of this Art. Now the Miser professes an Art directly the Reverse of it. He
is

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is wise, (which is another Word for Happy is this Case,) who can say I have not much, but no Man has more, for I have all I want. *Socrates* said with Wit, but with Judgment too, "He that needs least, is most like the Gods," who need Nothing.

Fourthly, I am to speak of the Vain. This is the most distinguish'd Son of Folly, and has the most airy Happiness of them all. His Brothers before mentioned, thought themselves to be laugh'd at, laugh at him. He seeks his Felicity entirely in the Opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there; for the World, by his very Name, has pronounc'd against him; from the Emptiness of his Pursuit, and the Thinness of his Enjoyment, is he call'd Vain. The Former wish at least for something Substantial, but his very Wish is a Reproach.

As the too Modest is pain'd by being in the publick Eye, he is pain'd by being out of it. What a vast Expence is he at to buy Spectators? For to what other End is his splendid Person, and Equipage, his large Parks, Palaces, Rivers, and Cascades? How Expensive? and how Useless? Sense is too Narrow, it wants Compass to take them in; less Things would gratify that more. The Understanding condemns them; Childish Imagination only approves, and that too but for a Moment; what are these Pageantries, but larger Toys with which it plays a-while, and then grows weary of them? What are they, but huge Monuments of Mistake, Subjects for popular Talk, and an immense Tax paid for Rumour, for sure it cannot be call'd Fame?

How he gazes on, and touches, and retouches, and as it were solicits his shining Ornaments to give him some extraordinary Sensation, somewhat adequat to the Desire he indulg'd for, or the Expectation he entertained from them? but in vain. They were much more Powerful in Idea, than they are in Fact. It is falling in Love with our own mistaken Ideas that makes Fools, and Beggars of half Mankind.

The Vain is a Beggar of Admiration. Begging in an un-reputable Profession; but as we are dependant Beings, we must all be Beggars in some Degree. The Scandal therefore of this Practice depends on two Things, the Character of the Person from whom, and the Value of the Things which we beg. Now the Vain begs from all, even the most Ignoble; and he begs Nothing; I mean, what turns to no Account. He is more noble that asks Bread, than he who asks a Bow, or the Glance of an Eye; for that is more worth.

In what does this Man lay out the Faculties of an immortal Soul? That Time, on which depends Eternity? That Estate, which well disposed of, might in some measure purchase Heaven? What is his serious Labour, subtle Machination, ardent Desire, and reigning Ambition? —to be seen. This ridiculous, but true Answer, renders all grave Censure almost superfluous. If the World was fill'd with such as these, all Arts, and Engines of Discipline, and of Death, for chastisement of Offence, might seem needless; let the Law they violate, or the Power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But to come close to the Point. What is it the Vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an Alms of Admiration from every Passer by, and his Happiness starves without it. Now what does this Desire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their Leave. Thus is he by Choice the most precarious Creature on Earth. The most precarious Creature is the most wretched, and, therefore, the most precarious by Choice, is the most Foolish too; if any will deny that the most precarious Being is most wretched, let them consider that the Reverse, the least precarious Being, is the most happy, for that is God: And the farther we are remov'd from Independency, and Self-sufficiency, the farther are we remov'd from that Standard of Wisdom, and Happiness.

I shall dismiss the Vain with one Observation more, We ought particularly to guard against this Folly, for a Reason very particular too. Other Vices are promoted by Vices, but this is often nourish'd by Virtue it self.

Thus have I, I think, prov'd, That the voluptuous is the greatest Self-denier; that the Ambitious is the greatest Slave; that the Covetous has no Wealth; and that the Vain whose Idol is Admiration, is the greatest Object of Contempt.

The Considerations which have been alledg'd to the Discredit of human Happiness have been, hitherto, drawn from general Topicks; one remains, that is too peculiar. We have lately lost our King; that sad Occasion first suggested this Subject to me, which, now, it supports with an unwelcome Argument; for when our Sovereign fell, Nature her self emphatically proclaim'd "That all below " is Vain". Too powerful a Supplement to this Discourse!

Who, then, art thou who settest thine Affections on Things below? Art thou greater than the Deceas'd? Dost thou value thy self on thy Birth? The most Highly-descended is no more. Dost thou value thy self on thy Riches? The *King of Britain* is no more. Dost thou value thy self on thy Power? The Master of the Seas, the Arbitrer of *Europe* is no more. Dost thou glory in thy Constancy, Humanity, Affection to thy Friends, or Encouragement of Arts? — But I forbear. It is Ambition to be Grateful, when Princes bestow.

How lately were the Eyes of all *Europe* thrown on this great Man? for Man let me call him, now, nor contradict the Declaration which his Mortality has made. They that find him, now, must seek for him; and seek for him in the Dust. What on Earth but must tell us this World is vain, if Thrones declare it? If Kings, if *British* Kings are Demonstrations of it? O Majesty! Thy Serene Evening indeed

indeed is clos'd; but, then, thou shinest on us in thy Meridian Glory.

I shall offer one Observation on the Death of Princes, which is full to my present Purpose. A Throne is the shining Period, the golden Termination of the worldly Man's Prospect, his Passions affect, his Understanding conceives, nothing beyond it, or the Favours it can bestow. The Sun, the Expanse of Heaven, or what lies higher, have no Lustre in his Sight, no Room in his pre-engag'd Imagination, it is all a superfluous Waste. When therefore his Monarch dies he is left in Darkness, his Sun is set, it is the Night of Ambition with him. Which naturally damps him into Reflection, and fills that Reflection with awful Thoughts.

With Reverence, then, be it spoken, what can God, in his ordinary Means do more, to turn his Affections into their right Channel, and send them forward to their proper End? Providence, by his King's decease, takes away the very Ground on Which his Delusion rose; it sinks before him; his Error is supplanted, nor has his Folly whereon to stand; but must return, like the Dove in the Deluge, to his own Bosom again.

By this, is he convinc'd that his ultimate Point of View is not only vain in its Nature, but vain in Fact; it not only may, but has actually fail'd. What, then, is he under a Necessity of doing, this Boundary of his Sight remov'd? Either he must look forward, (and what is beyond it, but God?) Or, he must close his Eyes in wilful Darkness, and still repose his Trust in Things which he has experienc'd to be vain. Such Accidents, therefore, however Fatal to his Secular, are the Mercy of God, as to his eternal Interest; and say with my Text, *Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*

Let us, now, from the Throne look back, (as from an Eminence,) on the former part of our Journey; We have pass'd the several Orders, Ages, Aims, Relations, Constitutions,

tutions, Tempers, Passions, with the four great Impulses of Mankind, and have found but one Report through these several Stages of our Course; the various Witnesses concur, and bring in a full Verdict against the Happiness of human Life. They declare that all Mankind is united by Misery, in some Degree, as by (what is less melancholy the Grave, to which it leads.

And can this World enchant us still? And can we be born for this? Is this a Scene for Reason, that Emanation of Divinity to doat on? Is this the Fortune, this the Dower to which we should wed an immortal Soul? Where then is the Difference between Reason, and Absurdity? Between Immortality and the Beasts that perish? Be this their Heaven, (as properly it is,) but not their Lord's, but not Man's.

I shall close this Discourse with a Picture of Life in Miniature, that your Memories may carry it the better: A Picture more melancholy, than that of this Giobe e'er well clear of the *Chaos*; or labouring, afterwards, under all the Wrongs, and Disgraces, that an universal Deluge could inflict.

Thoughts with Regard to the Mind. Behold a World! Where the Inhabitants are not differenced by Happiness, and Misery; but only by the different

Degrees, and various Colours of Misery universal: Where the Memory is clouded with black Ideas of the Past; the Imagination over-looks the Present, and the Understanding, through Mercy is blinded to the Future: Where, every Passion may be call'd Legion, for its Evils are many. Where, Men almost universally lay aside intellectual Pleasures; are most ardent desirers of Happiness, and yet subsist it on the most impotent Half of their Natures. Where, Anxiety of Thought damps sensual Pleasure, and sensual Pleasure increases Anxiety of thought, and impairs our Strength to support it, too. Where, the Soul and Body are in perpetual Hostilities, aggrieving each other, and external Accidents seem superfluous to our Misery;

fery; thus the poor Man, like devoted *Jerusalem*, besieg'd without, and divided within, is a Complication of Infelicity.

Where, Success must be procur'd by *To Externals*. our infinite Care, and Ruin follows on the contrary; so that all the sad Choice indulg'd to Mankind, is, of infinite Care or Destruction. Besides, the more we have of Credit, Wealth or Power, the more we may lose; nor is any Man entirely free from the Apprehensions of it; so that our Possessions imply and provide for our Misery. Where, an independant Pleasure is very severe: a dependent, very frail. Where, Pleasure often exacts such Hardships from her Votary, that Austerity cannot improve upon them. Where, nothing pleases but in Prospect, and to please in Prospect only, is not to disappoint alone, but to deride us, too. Where, what exalts the Spirits shortens Life by that Expence, and what depresses, makes the shortest Life too long. Where, Days are long, yet Life is short. Where, we stand as in a Battie, Thousands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our own Mortality; nay, are harden'd into an Insensibility of it, by these very Proofs of its Approach; and start, like *David*, when we hear, "Thou art the Man." Where, Experience, which is truly the greatest Blessing of Life, is the severest Discipline of it, too; and Diversion, which is suppos'd a Blessing, only signifies that to ourselves we are insupportable. Where, Sorrow is as the Stem or Root of Life; Joy but as its Flower, expected at remote Seasons only, then often blighted, or if it blooms, in Blooming dies. Where all is vexatious, or mix'd, or fugitive. Where, Pains assault us, Delusions surround us, and Terrors hang o'er us. Where, we are restless in Pursuit, dissatisfied in Fruition, and persecuted with Remorse. Where, we are ever pursuing, and ever condemning the same Things; ever accusing Hope of its broken Faith, and ever trusting on; ever grasping after sensual Enjoyments, and ever impairing our Appetite for them. Where, Objects, as well as Appetites, decay; or if they last, last not to us, through the Fickleness of our Choice. Where, we are yearly burying

rying some favourite Amusement or Pleasure; and they that succeed are less exquisite, and full as mortal. Where, we spend most of our Days in climbing the Hill of our Fortune, which suspends, by Labour any serious Thought; and when we have climb'd it, and are about to change Toil for Enjoyment, we start to see our Grave so near us on t'other Side. Where, Life with most Men is to come, till it is past.

*To the Professions
and Nature of
Things.*

Where, the grave Employments of Mankind are but strenuous Follies; nor differenc'd from those of Children, but by their Magnitude, and their Guilt. Where, the several Occupations of Life are but Fortifications against Want, and often frail ones, too. Where, among Professions are the Lawyer and the Soldier, Professors of Quarrel and Death; Fortune and Life their Prey. Where, the Infirmities of our Bodies demand and support one Profession; the Infirmities of our Mind, another; and the Misadventures of our Fortune constitute an ample Portion in the whole World of Literature. Where, the very Elements wage War against us; and have their Inundation, Shipwreck, Earthquake, Famine, Pestilence, Volcano's, and Conflagration. Where, we cannot make way from our Doors, but through the Cries of Indigence or Disease. Where, Hospitals and Bedlams are publick Necessaries. Where, the very Appellations of a large part of Mankind can't be heard without Compassion; Widows! and Orphans! Where, Tears are a Distinction of the whole Species from other Creatures. Where, Youth often languishes like a Tempest-beaten Flower, and Age shews its Injuries like a blasted Oak.

To History.

Where, History, for the most part, is nothing but a large Field of Misfortune, and to dip into almost any Page of it, is, to dip into Blood; into Blood, Persecutions, Inquisitions, Treasons, Assassinations, Sieges, Servitudes: Or if sometimes a Triumph breaks through this general Cloud, as Lightning thro' Night, it vanishes almost as soon; and while it lasts, it is a Proof,

Proof and Memorial of Misery; for what is a Triumph, but the gay Daughter of Destruction and Death? Where, Hard-heartedness and Lust, drinking the Tears of believing Innocence, and Self-design, and Treachery, turning every Virtue of others, to its own Interest, and the good Man's Ruin, (which abounds in every Record) makes Peace more cruel than War. Where, Happiness is such a Stranger, that for many Ages it was Learning to seek the true Notion of it; and it was but sought; it was not found, but reveal'd at last. Where, the Pumps and Prancings of the Mighty, are but the Trappings of Woe. Where, the most shining and envy'd Characters have few of them died a natural Death; but furnish Theme of Tragedy for succeeding Generations: Strange! that the same Persons should be the Objects of our Envy and Pity too! Strange too! that we should have Sighs sufficient for more Miseries than our own. Where, the most Happy would not repeat their Course; and he was justly censur'd who wept over his Army as mortal, because not one of that numerous Host, but might probably wish, before he found his End. Where among the many Arguments for a future State, the Misery of this has been most strongly and universally insisted on in all Ages; which demonstrates an acute Sense, and too ample a Conviction of it. Where, Crowns have been often abdicated; how often, in our own Annals, is the Palace chang'd for the Cloyster? Where, Self-murder, at certain Periods, has been a Fashion; nay, very extraordinary Methods have been taken to restrain even the tender Sex from this Horror. Where, half the Travels that have been undertook, half the Designs that have been enterpriz'd, half the Volumes that have been written, have been Refuges from Uneasiness of Heart; and the last are not more the immortal Monuments of human Wit, than of human Infelicity. Where Happiness is an Art, and Content is an Art; what Libraries have been written to teach it? Whatever Success they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this, That Unhappiness and Discontent are natural,

To Friendship.

Where, a Smile is often an Ambush, as it was on the Face of *Domitian*, on which it seldom shone, but when Rancour gather'd at his Heart. Where, Enmity is sincere, Friendship often a Name, and it is Ruin to trust those, whom not to trust is almost a Crime, as a Relation, a Friend, a Brother! Where, many fall from Credit, Fortune, Life, with *Cæsar's* Exclamation, "*And this from thee?*" where provoking our Foes has not ruin'd half so many, as confiding in those of a contrary Character. He needs no Foe, who is entirely at the Mercy of his Friends. Where, more Hearts pine away in secret Anguish for Unkindness from those who should be their Comforters, than from any other Calamity in Life. Where, Bills of Mortality would scarce be mournful, if Bills of private Calamity were in use. Who has not seen, who has not foreseen, nay, who almost has not felt a bleeding Heart? where evil Arts usurp the Name and Port of Wisdom, though scarce worthy to be call'd Cunning. Now Cunning is but the Top of a Fool's Character, and Wisdom itself is but the Bottom or inferior Part of the Character of an honest Man. *Nulla Bona, nisi Honestas.*

To Family-Affliction.

Where the honest, confiding Heart takes a Virgin Flower into his Bosom, and often finds a Sting under it. Where, the fond Mother, to-day, looks with Transport on the Reward of her long Labour, and painful Travel, which changes perhaps, to-morrow, the Cradle for the Grave. Where, the feeble Father follows a favourite, an only Daughter, the Delight of his Eye! the Rest of his Age! to her long Home, which he perhaps has wished for himself in vain; and sheds those Tears on her Ashes, which should express his Joy for the happy Disposal of her in Life: Or perhaps the Case is still worse, he sees her Youth, and Beauty, and Innocence, fallen into Arms, to him more dreadful than those of Death. Where, the Son of some Great House, its Hope, Joy, and Support, the sole Heir of Riches, Titles, and golden Schemes, falls immaturally, grasp'd by Death,

Death, as the Pillars were by *Sampson*; and the whole Structure is sorely shaken, if it does not follow on his Fall. Where, many a numerous Family lives in Innocence, Peace, Plenty, Reputation, under the Wing of an indulgent, prudent and industrious Father; the Father dies, they are scatter'd, like a Sheaf of Corn when the Band is broke, and become the Prey of Guilt, Want, Anxiety and Shame. Where, the Comforts of Life have their Pangs; their Jars, Jealousies, Interruptions, Decays, and Extinction. Where, Grudge, Animosity and Revenge wound deep; but deeper (when they wound) Relation, Friendship, Love; for Love has its Barbarities, and frequently may be mistaken for Hatred by its Effects. There are sometimes malignant Tempers in Families; such domestick Maladies are like Ulcers in the Vitals; Extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

Where, the Night is an idle Dream, *Mixt Thoughts*, and the Day little better. Where, every one is Witness or Patient of Affliction; ever telling sad Tales of others, till he becomes a Tale himself; the Tale of a Day! and then is utterly forgotten. He *Liv'd and dy'd*, is an Epitaph for much the greatest part of Mankind. Where he that has reach'd his Meridian is One of a Thousand, his Friends and Relations lie dead around him; half of his Conversation is gather'd from the Tomb. What are the Gay, Young, Beautiful, Brave, Learned, Wise, Good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they? a Tear! a Sigh! Where, Youth has the Pain of getting, Age of leaving its Riches; Affection being rarely strong enough in us to make the parting with them agreeable. Where, Fears and Pangs, only give a Relish of the contrary; and our Pleasure generally as it rises from, so it ends in them, too. Where, the Pain of Impatience turns us over to the Pain of Satiety, scarce divided by the Moment of Delight. Where Pain is oftener sunk by new Pain, than heal'd by Supervening Pleasure? Where, real Evils are frequent; imaginary; perpetual; and the Happiest thanks some other's Wretchedness, for putting him in mind, that he is not the most wretched himself. Where, I was hap-

py, a few may possibly say; I shall be happy, most say; I am happy, none: Now it none are happy on the present, it is a Demonstration that Happiness is absent from us all. The pretence is all that our Parent Nature, properly, gives us; and that, like peevish Children, we will not taste; thus between the Laws of our Condition, and the Perverseness of our Temper, we have nothing at all; we are very poor, subsisting, or rather starving our thin Happiness on Dreams, and Shadows of Good to Come; perhaps, never to come; certainly, never to come proportionate to our Conceptions of them. Where, Man snatches such quick and terrible Resentment from the smallest Occasion, that it resembles the Discharge of Ordnance at the Touch of a Reed. Where, to have any Chance for Happiness a Man must possess the World, or despise it; now the Contempt of it, in him that possesses it not, is a Cheat, he does not heartily condemn it; he mistakes his Ill will for Contempt; and what is as unfortunate, he that possesses it, does condemn it; but not from Wisdom, but Weakness, which has not the Skill to relish its Enjoyments, as they deserve. Where, proud Honour stands in the Place of meek Religion, Honour that disdains Compulsion, and that, consequently, must stand or fall with Inclination and Humour; he, therefore, that relies on Honour, relies on Humour, and he that relies on Humour, is a Fool, and must be a Wretch in the End. Where, the two Points the World's wise Man aims at, are, First, to get the better of natural Instinct, so as not to be betray'd by it into any Humanities, in which he does not find his own immediate Account; Secondly, to surmount the Prejudices, and Timorousness of Education, to throw the Virtues and Vices into one Heap like a Man; thence to be drawn out, indifferently, as Interest directs; Interest, which is his God and his Bible, the Custom of the World. Where, many Men suppose you a Knave, or conclude you a Fool; and call you so by their Professions of disinterested Friendship; by which they only mean to steal your Affections, and the good Effects of them. Where, Compassion, with some, passes for Weakness, and you must suppress your Sighs, as in the Theatre, not to be laugh'd at; he is look'd on as an Idiot, who is not

not above being a Man. Where, Men seek not the Means of serving, but an Excuse for not serving others; and Words change their Name, and do not reveal, but cover the Mind; the Passions themselves, those Betrayers of Truth, are taught to act a Part; the very Eye can lie, and that natural Window of the Soul has a Skreen before it, that you may not see through; he only, who discovers his own Interest, gives you a Key to his Heart: In a word, where the honest Man (who alone is worthy of Good) if he judges of Men by himself, is undone. This may be call'd Satire, but, by the same Rule, the Scripture is so too. Where, to dissemble Injuries, is the greatest Shock to Nature, and Shame to Honour, yet, at the same time, the greatest Art of Life. Where, he that has not learn'd the World must go out of it, or be a Jest, and an Unfortunate in it; he that has learn'd it, has learn'd it with Discipline, and by that time he is well Master of the Game, his Candle is put out. It is hard to learn the World, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it, will, one Day, prove more fatal. Where, we will not believe yesterday, but hope favourably of to-morrow; as if then there would be a new Sun, a new Nature, a new Self; they pray for that, who almost curse its Fellow. Where, Sorrow is fruitless, and Laughter is mad. Where, at the several Tides of good Fortune, the Head tells the Heart, well, now, we are happy, which the Heart scarce believes, or believes it implicitly: Whenever we say to our selves, let us sit down and enjoy Life, we discover the Cheat, like one deluded by Perspective, by bringing it to the Touch. Nothing will do; Business, considering Passion and Accident, is a Toil certainly; Idleness is worse; and Books are a weak Resource; a Man should no more read than eat, without an Appetite, if he does, the Book will be near as much amused and edified by the Man, as he by the Book. Where Multitudes, (strange and ridiculous! but for the Horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every Step is a Step towards a Grave, every Minute an Approach to an Eternity: Besides, if Men well knew the Business of this World, and would acquit themselves like Masters in it, Want of Time would be their great Complaint. Nay, he
that

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that lays down but this one simple Rule, That he will be in the Right wherever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle Moment, tho' he has not the important Cares of Nations, or even of Families, on his Hands.

Where, the Past is a very Dream, and the Future a sore Travel. Where, the tender Mother sheds Tears over her helpless Infant, and the careful Father pours Groans over them both; Groans conscious of the Present, and presaging of the Future. Where sometimes Nations groan, as one Man, under a general Calamity; nor is the whole Earth at all privileged from the severe Condition of any one Nation of it. Where, Nature is perpetually pouring her Children in vast Tides out of Time into Eternity; and the Survivors take the Evil, and refuse the Good. They are but the more melancholy, not the wiser for it. Where, we are born with Pain, and die with Amazement. Where, Life is the Slave of Misery, and yet (most strange and deplorable!) the King of Terrors is Death.

Sunt Lacryma Rerum, & mentem Mortalia tangunt.

Almost the whole Book of *Ecclesiastes* might be transcrib'd as a scriptural Support of what is here said; and its Author it is well known, received Wisdom as an immediate Gift from God, in Superiority to all the rest of Mankind.

I shall conclude by saying what is most true, that human Life is like a dishonest Creditor; it puts off our Youth and Manhood, with Lies, from Day to Day, then owns the Cheat, and gives our Age an absolute Denial.

The Description of If this Account is just, as I think it is,
human Happiness. What is human Happiness? A Word! a
Notion! a Day-dream! a Wish! a Sigh!
a Theme to be talk'd of! a Mark to be shot at, but never
hit! a Picture in the Head, and a Pang in the Heart of
Man,

Man. Wisdom recommends it gravely, Learning talks of it pompously; our Understanding listens to it eagerly, our Affection pursues it warmly, and our Experience despairs of it irretrievably. Imagination persuades some that they have found it, but it is while their Reason is asleep; Pride prevails with others to boast of it, but it is only a Boast, by which they may deceive their Neighbours, but not themselves; Felicity of Constitution, and Suavity of Manners make the nearest Approach to it, but it is only an Approach; Fortune, the Nature of Things, the Infirmities of the Body, the Passions of the Mind, the Dependance on others, the Prevalence of Vice, the very Condition of (uncorrected) Humanity forbids an Embrace. Wine, Beauty, Musick, Pomp, Study, Diversion, Business, Wisdom, all that Sea or Land, Nature or Art, Labour or Rest can bestow, are but poor Expedients to heave off the insupportable Load of an Hour from the Heart of Man; the Load of an Hour, from the Heir of an Eternity! If the Young, or Unexperient'd, or Vain, or Profligate only were subject to this Weakness, it were something; but when the Learned, and Wise, and Grave, and Grey——It shocks! it mortifies! and with Shame and Pity, my Mind turns from its Purpose, and goes backward with Reverence to throw a Veil over the Nakedness of my Father. In a Word, the true Notion of Human Happiness explained, is itself one of the strongest Proofs of our Misery. For how can we speak more adequately of it, than by saying, It is that of which our Despair is as necessary, as our Passion for it is vehement and inextinguishable. Now ardently to thirst, and unavoidably to despond, with Regard to the same Thing, and that Thing of Consequence suprem, is the Consummation of Infelicity. I know but one solid Pleasure of Life, and that is our Duty; how miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they, who make that once a Pain?

The Purpose of this Discourse, as express'd in the Beginning of it, was to put this World in the Ballance; and examine the Value of *Things on the Earth*. Now such as
is

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is represented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding Discourse, is the General State of Mankind : But it is a State of their own Choice ; and it may be, though not wholly revers'd, abundantly reliev'd, exceedingly brighten'd from the Clouds, the thick Darkness that hangs upon it ; as I shall endeavour to make manifest in the following Discourse ; and thus vindicate Providence from prevailing Imputations ; and by laying the two Counter-parts together, infer *A true Estimate of Human Life.*

F I N I S.